HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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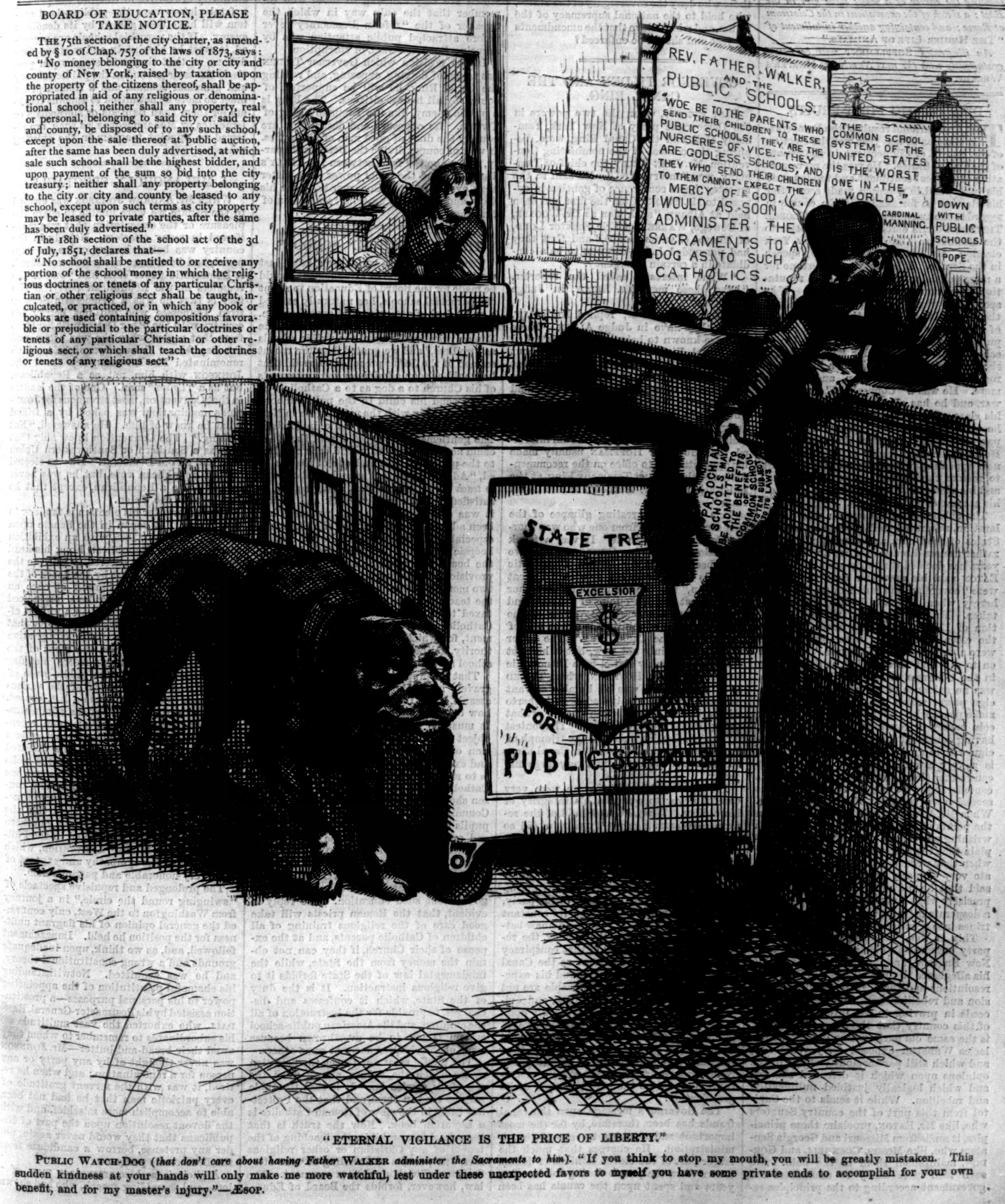
"No money belonging to the city or city and county of New York, raised by taxation upon the property of the citizens thereof, shall be appropriated in aid of any religious or denominational school; neither shall any property, real or personal, belonging to said city or said city and county, be disposed of to any such school, except upon the sale thereof at public auction, after the same has been duly advertised, at which sale such school shall be the highest bidder, and upon payment of the sum so bid into the city treasury; neither shall any property belonging to the city or city and county be leased to any school, except upon such terms as city property may be leased to private parties, after the same has been duly advertised."

The 18th section of the school act of the 3d of July, 1851, declares that—

"No school shall be entitled to or receive any portion of the school money in which the religious doctrines or tenets of any particular Christian or other religious sect shall be taught, inculcated, or practiced, or in which any book or books are used containing compositions favorable or prejudicial to the particular doctrines or tenets of any particular Christian or other religious sect, or which shall teach the doctrines or tenets of any religious sect."


REV. FATHER WALKER, AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
"WOE BE TO THE PARENTS WHO SEND THEIR CHILDREN TO THESE PUBLIC SCHOOLS! THEY ARE THE NURSERIES OF VICE. THEY ARE GODLESS SCHOOLS, AND THEY WHO SEND THEIR CHILDREN TO THEM CANNOT EXPECT THE MERCY OF GOD. ...
I WOULD AS SOON ADMINISTER THE SACRAMENTS TO A DOG AS TO SUCH CATHOLICS.
"THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM OF THE UNITED STATES IS THE WORST ONE IN THE WORLD."
CARDINAL MANNING.
DOWN WITH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
POPE.
PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS MAY BE ADMITTED TO THE BENEFITS OF THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM SUBJECT TO ITS LAWS
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"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY."

PUBLIC WATCH-DOG (*that don't care about having Father* **WALKER** *administer the Sacraments to him*). "If you think to stop my mouth, you will be greatly mistaken. This sudden kindness at your hands will only make me more watchful, lest under these unexpected favors to myself you have some private ends to accomplish for your own benefit, and for my master's injury."—ÆSOP.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 10, 1875.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

embellished with a series of beautiful engravings showing the career of a white slave girl in the East; a sketch of the excavations in the Colosseum at Rome; and containing another installment of "The Higher Life of Animals."

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DEMOCRATIC FIRST-FRUITS.

The first national result of the Democratic reaction of last year was the election of Mr. Eaton, of Connecticut, to the Senate of the United States. He was the representative of the real sentiment and tendency of his party, and in a speech made soon after his election he foreshadowed the course in regard to the amendments which Mr. George Ticknor Curtis elaborated in his letter to the Manhattan Club after the New York election. Mr. Eaton has now made a speech in the Senate. It is a grave misfortune for a mere politician, of whatever local reputation, to be transferred to that arena. If he speaks, the whole country hears, and, despite the expressive silence or the zealous praise of his party organs, he is measured by the public judgment as surely as a new boy at school by his comrades. Mr. Eaton's speech shows conclusively that he is a bitter, narrow, unintelligent partisan, and nothing more. He was a "Copperhead" during the war, and he has all the spirit and tone of his class. Wholly unimportant in himself, he is nevertheless the representative of a party that aims to control the government. He is the chosen leader of those who are now appealing to the people of Connecticut to restore the Democratic party to power, and his views must be accepted as those of his associates and followers.

The substance of his speech was a declaration, reiterated and repeated, that the States of the Union are sovereign. It is a rather useless discussion, since a war of four years has decided that they are not so. Mr. Eaton said his assertion that the States were "sovereign and independent" was not heresy when Madison lived. He is mistaken. Mr. Madison said, in the Convention of 1787, "The States never possessed the essential rights of sovereignty; these were always vested in Congress." He went on to say that their voting, as States, even in the Congress of the old Confederation, was no evidence of sovereignty. A sovereign power which can not declare war or make peace with other sovereign powers, or coin money or conclude treaties, or which, having delegated those powers at its sovereign will, can not at that will resume them, is a very absurd sovereign power. If it can resume them, Jefferson Davis and his confederates were correct in asserting that secession was the right of a sovereign State. When Mr. Anthony held up Mr. Eaton on the points of this very simple dilemma, his writhing was pitiful. He attempted to explain that the States were sovereign except when they were not sovereign, and the Senate very properly laughed, and Mr. Eaton said that he did not feel well. That was precisely what Davis and his men said after a desperate attempt to put Mr. Eaton's doctrines into practice.

This is the "reform Democracy." The party succeeds in electing a Senator from New England, and he begins by professing his allegiance to the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions and the dogmas by which secession and rebellion were defended. He succeeds in proving to the intelligent people of this country that the Democratic party is the same old party whose dangerous fallacies Webster exposed forty years ago, and which still pertinaciously clings to the opinions upon which it defended slavery, and which logically justified nullification and rebellion. While it sends to the Capitol from this part of the country Senators who, like Mr. Eaton, proclaim these principles, it sends from Missouri and Georgia Senators who, like Messrs. Cockrell and Gordon, maintained them in the field. Are such men more likely to administer the government according to the principles established by the war than those who sustained the war and won the victory?

Mr. Eaton succeeds Governor Buckingham, who was one of the most devoted and patriotic of the war Governors. Does any intelligent American not utterly blinded by partisan fury suppose that it would have been better for Connecticut and the country if Mr. Eaton had been Governor instead of Mr. Buckingham? Why should it be imagined that a Tory of the Revolution would have been a safer guardian of the government founded upon the principles of the Revolution than a Son of Liberty? That is a question which the voters of Connecticut have to ask themselves now. For what reason should Mr. Eaton and Generals Gordon and Cockrell, enemies of the principles and objects of the war, hostile to the amendments and the settlements, asserting that the States are "sovereign and independent," be preferred in the control of the government to those who deny the sovereignty of the States, who hold to the national supremacy of the Union, and who believe that the amendments are just and should be enforced?

GOVERNOR TILDEN AND THE CANAL RING.

Last summer, when the two powers in the Democratic party of New York, Tammany Hall and the Canal Ring, were disputing the control of the nominating Convention, Mr. John Kelly, the chief of Tammany, was "interviewed." He said to the reporter that a conference of gentlemen opposed to Mr. Tilden from the first had been held at Albany, "such men as Dr. Woolfe, of Oswego, Warren, of Erie, Senator Lord, of Monroe (Jarvis Lord)," and that they had persuaded Judge Church to be a candidate in a certain emergency.

"What interest," asked the reporter, "have these men, Mr. Kelly, in Judge Church?"

"The same interest," replied Mr. Kelly, "that they have in Judge Allen. These men are known to belong to what is called the Canal Ring......If what is said about them be true, it has been their policy to get control of a majority of the Canal Board for the purpose of enabling them to get hold of the contracts given out on the canals...... These have been always very friendly to Judge Church......They have been of great assistance to him politically......I am informed that Governor Hoffman usually made his appointments to office on the recommendation of the defunct Tammany Ring, at the solicitation of what is known as the Canal Ring."

This was an interesting glimpse of the Democratic interior from one who was thoroughly familiar with it. It was a frank confession that Judge Church, whom we have been taught by certain Democratic journals to regard with awe as "a great statesman," was the candidate for Governor of the most corrupt clique of jobbers, and that the last Democratic Governor of the State made his appointments at the will of Tweed and the Canal Ring. The latter fact was certainly not new, but it had not been before frankly stated by a Democratic leader. That Mr. Hoffman, whom Tweed had "counted in," was his humble servant was well known, but it had been hitherto stigmatized as a Republican slander of that rising Democratic "statesman." The contest for the nomination ended in the triumph of Tammany and the defeat of the Canal Ring. Mr. Tilden was elected by a very large majority.

In opposing his election we were very careful never to question his integrity or his ability. When he took hold of the reform movement against Tweed, he did so with a vigor, a tenacity, and a success that every good citizen could most sincerely commend. But Mr. Tilden is a man of great political experience and sagacity. He knew that in his efforts he had necessarily alarmed the immense venal element of his party, and that he must count upon its constant and relentless hostility. No man knew better than he the power, the secrecy, the resources, and the methods of that conspiracy of plunder and fraud known as the Canal Ring. Happily his instincts and his experience assured him that the people are not corrupt, and that a bold, radical, and evidently thoroughly intelligent assault upon intrenched and enormous abuses is sure of public sympathy and support. Had a man in his official position no other motive than the furtherance of personal ambition, the resolute exposure of a vast system of corruption would be the surest method of its gratification.

The Governor's message upon the canal frauds has been, therefore, by far the most important and significant event of his administration. He charges that much the larger part of the eleven millions of dollars drawn from the people during the last five years and spent upon the canals has been wasted, and he exposes in some detail the various methods by which the frauds are accomplished. They are, of course, familiar to those who have looked into the subject. Some months ago we described some of these tricks, quoting from the specific official charges against members of the Ring. In those actions, as we stated, the name of Jarvis Lord appeared. Mr. Lord instantly published a note saying that the suits had been withdrawn, which was true, but not because they were held to be groundless. And now Mr. Lord is openly described in the newspapers as the leader of the Canal Ring. The Governor makes several detailed recommendations looking to thorough investigation and reform. In so doing he has defied the most powerful and corrupt ring in the State. His defiance has at once drawn upon him the attacks of Senator Lord and of the Speaker, Mr. M'Guire, who assails him with a gadfly fury and futility which are very amusing to those who remember that the only way in which the Speaker of the "reform Democracy" ever before attracted public attention was by accusing Ezra Cornell of corruption.

In the position which Governor Tilden has taken of defying, exposing, and routing the Canal Ring, he will be supported, of course, by all honest citizens. The Ring is a public enemy, like the Tammany Ring of Tweed. Its exposure and destruction are equally the duty of good men of all parties. It will, of course, divide the Democratic party, and make the feud between Mr. Kelly's Tammany and the canal power more bitter than ever. But the Governor has done his duty, and deserves a grateful recognition of that fact.

THE "PAROCHIAL" SCHOOLS.

The proposition to which we alluded last week, that some kind of arrangement should be made for the Board of Education to adopt the parochial schools, has naturally excited a great deal of attention and apprehension. It can not be too often repeated that the Roman priesthood regard the public schools as "godless," and we quoted from the recent sermon of the Jesuit preacher who said that he would as soon administer the sacraments of his Church to a dog as to a Catholic who would send his child to the public school. Simultaneously with the proposition in New York a similar one was made in Buffalo. The gentlemen who urged it said that they could not conscientiously send their children to the public schools, and one of them added, "Adopt our present schools, and *allow us to teach our religion in them*, and we shall be satisfied." Both in New York and Buffalo it was stated that the plan proposed had been adopted in some parts of the State, and especially in Poughkeepsie. Now in Poughkeepsie the priest lets the school-house to the board at a nominal rent, and with the provision that he may cancel the lease upon two months' notice, and the priest appoints the teachers. That is to say, the public is taxed to support schools in which Roman Catholicism is taught; and this arrangement, for which Father Preston is the authority, deliberately destroys the American school system.

That the proposition should be openly and gravely made shows how bold the Roman assault upon the schools has become, and how culpably indifferent public opinion is. It must be remembered that the primary object of the Roman party is not the education of the children, but the maintenance and extension of the Roman sect. The plan is to make the schools nurseries of Roman Catholicism—a plan which every good citizen should strenuously oppose. One of the Commissioners in New York says that the pupils of the parochial schools are too ragged and poorly dressed to be tolerated by the more comfortable children of the public schools. Such ragged children, he adds, have no home influence, and if they are not religiously educated in the school, they must go without such education. The reply is evident, that the Roman priests will take good care of the religious training of all children of Catholic parents, and at the expense of their Church, if they can not obtain the money from the State, while the fundamental law of the State forbids it to give religious instruction. It is the duty of the State, which it confesses and discharges, to provide for the instruction of all the children, and the American public-school system is not to be overthrown because some of the children sneer at some others.

The public must not forget the assertion under which the Roman attack upon the schools is carried on. It is that the Bible may be read in them, and that the Protestant Bible in the view of Roman Catholics is a sectarian book. Now the truth is that the school law prohibits the teaching of the tenets of any Christian or other religious sect, but permits the reading of "the Holy Scriptures" without note or comment. The law, however, forbids the Board of Education to decide which version of the Scripture shall be read, and the Douay, or Roman version, therefore, may be read equally with the English. Nobody, indeed, can suppose that the reading of any version for a few minutes to a crowd of children in the school is of any great religious benefit to them. But it is at least a kind of religious form, and therefore the Roman priesthood protest against it as sectarian, in order that it may be stopped, and made more plausible the cry which they hope will be fatal to the schools, that they are "godless." Thus the fact is that the Protestant Bible is not ordered to be read in the schools, and if it were, it is not really opposed as teaching sectarian tenets, but as preventing the cry of "godlessness" and irreligion.

Let the case be well understood. If the proposition to adopt the Roman parochial schools shall be accepted by the Board of Education in a manner to leave the slightest authority or control in them to the priests, a fatal victory over the public-school system will have been gained by its deadliest enemy. If the parochial schools are accepted, it must be absolutely and without conditions, so that they will stand upon precisely the same ground as the public primary and grammar schools, and a Roman priest must no more be permitted to appoint teachers for them than Baptists or Methodists or Israelites or Mohammedans, as such, are allowed to appoint teachers in the existing schools.

A MELANCHOLY SPECTACLE.

When Mr. Andrew Johnson was elected to the Senate we were unable to share the pleasure or the expectation that was manifested in many quarters. Nobody in the country was better known or, as we supposed, had been more accurately measured. A Democratic paper calls him "one of the founders of the Republican party." The fact is that he was a Democratic Senator from Tennessee who did not betray his country with the other Democratic Senators from that region when the war began, and the Republican Convention of 1864, which renominated Mr. Lincoln, associated Mr. Johnson with him, not as a Republican, but as a "Union" man. One of the leaders in that Convention, most strenuous for Johnson's nomination, was asked by a friend what he knew of him. He answered, "Not a thing." The Convention knew only that he was a Southern or Southwestern Union man and an old Democrat. He was elected by the Republican vote, but he was never in any sense a Republican, except that he was loyal to the Union.

His career after his election is familiar to every body. It began in the Senate upon the 4th of March, 1865, with an exhibition at which every Republican hung his head and every Democrat sneered. Called to the head of the government by the death of the President, he showed himself at once an ignorant, obstinate, garrulous, prejudiced man, and was soon engaged in a violent effort to defeat the policy of the party that had elected him. His coarse vituperation of Senator Sumner from the steps of the White House on Washington's birthday was another shock to the public sense of decency, and another proof of the various misfortune which his election had caused. The most serious result of his administration, however, was its effect upon reconstruction. His words and conduct, after a very short time, held out to the defeated party the hope of regaining at the polls what it had lost in the field. This was one of the chief causes of the trouble and confusion that have embarrassed reconstruction. His direct endeavor to divide the Republican party, as a bid for Southern support, culminated and failed in the Philadelphia "arm-in-arm" Convention, which had, however, the sympathy and support of some very honorable and patriotic men.

The prolonged and repulsive spectacle of "swinging round the circle," in a journey from Washington to the West, only confirmed the general opinion of his flagrant unfitness for the position he held. Impeachment followed, and, as we think, upon inadequate grounds and a wrong constitutional theory, and he was acquitted. Notwithstanding his shameful prostitution of the appointing power to his personal purposes—a prostitution assisted by his Postmaster-General, Randall, who exhorted the vast multitude of his subordinates to remember to whom they owed their bread-and-butter—Mr. Johnson was never thought of by any party or any person for a renomination; and when he retired, it was with the fervent gratitude of every patriotic man that he had not been able to accomplish more mischief, and with the devout resolution upon the part of Republicans that they would never again, under any pretense, borrow a candidate from the Democratic party.

A choleric and commonplace man, of a loose and shambling speech, who had shown no political ability of any kind, it was not easy to see why, when the Democrats lately returned him to the Senate, there should have been an expectation that he would say or do any wise thing. He has made a speech full of the old vanity, inconsequence, and solemn folly. Like Mr. Eaton's, it is, in itself, of no importance, except that he is a Democrat, and that the party feeling and tendency may be seen in what he says. When he reached Washington he was interviewed, and told the reporter that the negro must be put in his place—which was to be expected of the signer of the Civil Rights veto, but hardly of the "Moses" of the colored race. In his speech he warns the country that the President is driving rough-shod to despotism over the ruins of liberty and the government, and that he would have made no mistakes in Louisiana if he had only done as a certain acting President, who shall be nameless, did in Tennessee in 1866.

Mr. Andrew Johnson in the Senate is another of the boons that we owe to the Democratic party. And those who have sustained the Republican party for years, but who have been troubled and alienated by many later tendencies and measures, yet who must now support the Republican or the Democratic organization, may well ask themselves whether it is the part of wisdom and patriotism to join the Democrats and march with Mr. Johnson and Mr. Eaton, or to act with men like Mr. Christiancy within the Republican lines. Is there nothing to do but to insist that nothing can be done, that the Democrats can not be trusted, and that the Republicans are unworthy of trust?

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The administration of Governor Chamberlain in South Carolina is thus far justifying all that was prophesied by his friends and supporters. He has grappled with some of the most powerful of the corrupt cliques, and his frank and decisive veto of the Floating Debt Bill seems to be as bold as it is wise and honorable. In his efforts to expose and defeat frauds and to secure to his State, recently so sadly misgoverned, order, economy, and confidence, he deserves the most cordial support of honest men every where; and he seems to be receiving it, for the Charleston *News and Courier*, the leading Democratic paper in the State, warmly sustains him.

We state also, and with great pleasure, that the State Treasurer, Mr. Cardozo, who has been a constant and stanch friend of the Governor, and who was charged in the Legislature with fraud, has made a clear and conclusive explanation—so decisive, indeed, that the address asking for his removal has been emphatically rejected by both Houses of the Legislature. It is a result upon which the Treasurer is to be sincerely congratulated. Even the *News*, which can be suspected of no partisan sympathy with him, says: "The Treasury is in safe hands, and the result of the investigation into the operations of that important department must be an increased confidence in the ability and inflexibility of the Treasurer."

THE SECRETARY OF STATE AND THE "VIRGINIUS."

The *Virginius* case has been finally settled, and settled upon the precise terms of the engagement which was made by the Secretary of State, who, during all the fury and rhetoric of the excitement, retained his cool self-possession, and rested upon sound principles and precedents. Spain pays eighty thousand dollars in coin within six months, which the United States accept in full, and which the President will equitably distribute among the families concerned, without account to Spain. This satisfactory settlement of a difficulty which threw a part of the country and of the press into a frenzy, and which for some time seriously threatened our peaceful foreign relations, is another of the many and great services which have been rendered by Mr. Fish to the country, and in that perfectly quiet and dignified manner which marks the highest statesmanship. Indeed, there is no man now in conspicuous public life who is regarded with sincerer respect and confidence than the Secretary of State.

It is known that he was very much surprised by the invitation to the cabinet, and that he was not at all anxious to accept it. But nothing has more strengthened the Administration of General Grant than the presence and co-operation of Mr. Fish, which is of itself a constant refutation of many of the more outrageous of the calumnies that are heaped upon the President. Nor is it to be doubted that the conservative influence of the Secretary has been often most beneficial in tempering views and measures which, however patriotic and sincere they may have been, would not, without modification, have been wise or useful. The Secretary of State is not an orator, and he is in no way desirous of notoriety. His name has therefore been less constantly before the public eye than that of lesser men, but his work has not been less steady nor its results less admirable. When, three or four years ago, he contemplated resigning, there was a universal feeling that such a step would be a public misfortune, and the number and character of the remonstrances that were addressed to him showed him the extent and depth of the regard felt for him, which he had not perhaps suspected, and he very properly reconsidered his determination, and yielded.

Conservative by temperament, and a Whig of former days, Mr. Fish was too sagacious and patriotic to cling with many of his associates to the forlorn ghost of a party name. He declared for the first Republican candidate in 1856, and has been from that time one of the most faithful and honorable of Republicans. A gentleman in the truest sense, of sound judgment, great experience, tact, and ability, courteous in manner, and of spotless life, he has maintained all the best traditions of his department, adding to them fresh lustre, and in this time of angry party spirit and slander of public characters, he has the singular happiness of enjoying the hearty regard of men of all parties.

AN OLD STORY.

The Canal Ring is very much surprised that Governor Tilden should deal in such old and stale wares as the contract frauds. They assure the people of New York that there is nothing new in the frauds, as if that were a reason for silence. They are, however, quite right. The canal frauds are most familiar and enormous, and they have been so for some years. The Tweed frauds were of the same kind. They were well known, and every body saw the results. The palaces of Tweed and his henchmen, the Americus Club, the vulgar ostentation on every side, were as familiar as the fine fortunes of some of the most eminent members of the Canal Ring. And when the disclosures came in detail, and the names and figures and items were published, and the whole infamy lay revealed, there was still nothing new, nobody's opinion of Tweed and his confederates was in the least degree changed, but the Ring was broken.

There is nothing new in the exposures of Governor Tilden. The Senate report of 1868, and the lists of suits brought by Attorney-General Barlow, showed how rotten was the whole system of canal management. But the subject has not before been brought to the attention of the whole State with the directness and emphasis which the Governor's message gives to it. Every voter in every corner of New York now begins to know all about a subject which the Ring assures us has been long and well known to it and its retainers. Nothing new! Certainly not. What was there new in the infamies of slavery? The antislavery men told them and repeated them and reiterated them, and were informed that they were parrots babbling an old story. But the old story, told often enough, at last conquers. The old wrong, often enough exposed, is at last righted. The old fraud, Tweed or canal, when it is at length thoroughly understood, is reformed. There is nothing new in the canal frauds: the novelty will be in their vigorous and radical correction.

THE LOUISIANA RESOLUTION.

The Senate, just before adjourning, passed the resolution approving the conduct of the President in defending Louisiana against civil violence in sustaining the government of Kellogg. It was, however, very careful not to say that he had been lawfully elected, but it recognized his *de facto* character, as the compromise in the House had already done. Neither did it approve Kellogg's action in January, of which the President, as he says, knew nothing until it was past, and which he did not justify, saying that it was questionable whether it was or was not lawful. The resolution in a very much more stringent form would have been more agreeable to Senator Morton, but the general sentiment of the Republicans was against him, and the moderate resolution was adopted. The debate furnished an opportunity for several Senators to present or to repeat their views upon the general subject. But the Senate merely expressed the universal judgment that was passed upon the conduct of the President last September, when the White League rose in arms in New Orleans. To have done nothing, to have acquiesced, as the League, through its Lieutenant-Governor Penn, demanded, would have been to recognize violent revolution as a legitimate method of changing the government in a State, notwithstanding the Constitution makes it the duty of the United States to protect the States against domestic violence.

That there was no evidence of the lawful election of Mr. Kellogg the Senate committee two years ago and the President himself had acknowledged. But neither was there evidence that his opponent had been lawfully elected. These facts, however, did not affect the duty of the President, in the absence of Congress, to defend the State against domestic violence. And there can be no question that the armed and bloody action of the White League was domestic violence. The Senate says that the President did his duty, and those who thought so last September have probably not changed their opinion.

It is, however, to be presumed that the Democrats, who voted solidly against the resolution, would have approved a different course. It must, from their votes and speeches, be assumed that had there been a Democratic President and the difficulty had arisen, there would have been total inaction upon the part of the Government, and an acquiescence in the revolution. It is no answer to say that had there been a Democratic President there would have been no trouble. The question is not what would have been done in a case that did not arise, but in one that did. There was domestic violence in Louisiana, the Governor *de facto*, the officer who had discharged the duties of the office for two years, called upon the President, and there was armed violence in the streets. That was the case. The President, under the Constitution, interfered. The Republican Senate said that he did his duty. The Democrats deny it. It is another illustration—and the Democrats are furnishing them abundantly—of the policy that may be expected should the Democratic party return to power.

PERSONAL.

An English paper, in alluding to the recent death of Mr. John Timbs, remarked that he was one of the most prolific of modern authors, having written upward of one hundred books. We have an American author more prolific than Mr. Timbs, whose works are much more useful and far more popular. We allude to Mr. Jacob Abbott. During the last twenty-six years Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published *ninety-nine* different works of which he is the author. Of these five were published in 1848, six in 1849, eight in 1850, two in 1851, eight in 1852, six in 1853, four in 1854, fifteen in 1855, seventeen in 1856, twelve in 1857, two in 1858, six in 1859, two in 1860, one in 1861, four in 1871, and one in 1872. During his literary career Mr. Abbott has given to the public some fifty other works through various publishers. His thirty-two volumes of biographical histories, ten volumes of *Franconia Stories*, six volumes of *Marco Paul's Voyages and Travels in Pursuit of Knowledge*, and four volumes of *Science for the Young* are concededly among the most truthful, ingenious, and instructive books for youth that have been published in this country or abroad. In the language of the New York *Evening Post*, "If a mass-meeting of parents and children were to be held for the purpose of erecting a monument to the author who has done most to entertain and instruct the young folks, there would certainly be a unanimous vote in favor of Mr. Jacob Abbott." Not only is Mr. Abbott the most prolific of American authors, but "it runs in the family." His three sons, Benjamin, Austin, and Lyman, are successful literary men. Over the *nom de plume* "Benauly" (a word composed of the first syllable of their names), they have produced various literary papers. Lyman Abbott is the author of the *Dictionary of Religious Knowledge*, recently published by the Harpers, and Austin Abbott has a distinguished reputation as a reference lawyer, in which capacity he has been conspicuous in the case of Tilton *v.* Beecher. Mr. Jacob Abbott's brother, John S. C. Abbott, is the author of a number of historical works, among which his *French Revolution*, *Napoleon Bonaparte*, and *Frederick the Great* are conspicuous. It may be said of the Abbotts, what can be said of few authors of modern times, that they have never published an unsuccessful or unpopular work.

—General Alexander W. Harvey, who died in this city on the 21st ult., was a gentleman widely known and very highly esteemed in the higher professional, legal, business, and social circles of this city and State. Educated to the bar, he was for many years a prominent practitioner in Buffalo, while in State politics he exercised a potential influence. He was a gentleman in the best sense of the word, cultured, large-hearted, manly, generous, sincere. The higher offices in the commonwealth were often tendered to him, and uniformly declined. The crowded church at his funeral attested the wide respect entertained for him; while those who bore his pall—Mr. Evarts, Ex-Governor Morgan, Ex-Governor Fenton, Mr. Stoughton, Mr. William Vanderbilt, Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Delafield Smith, Mr. Green, Comptroller Hopkins, Mr. Forrest, Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Barger—representative men in the various activities of life—indicated the character of his associates, and the regard they entertained for him.

—Evansville, Indiana, is about to be made famous in a pleasant way. The Hon. Willard Carpenter, an opulent citizen, proposes to establish a munificent charity in that city, the endowment for which will be about one million dollars. The precise object the donor has in view is not yet made public, but the papers and plans are now being perfected, and it is understood that the work will probably be commenced in a month or two.

—The last English cardinal preceding Dr. Manning was Dr. Wiseman, who succeeded Dr. Weld, a good-natured old gentleman, very fond of his dinner, who always prepared his pudding and confectionery with his own hands. Apropos of Dr. Manning, 24,000 copies of Mr. Gladstone's first pamphlet and 15,000 of his second have been sold in England. He goes frequently to the House of Commons, and is preparing, it is said, a great speech. The sale of his pamphlets, published by Harper & Brothers, has been very large in this country.

—Mr. Playfair said recently in Parliament that the Irish system of education has failed completely because it is almost wholly clerical. Nearly all the schools are controlled by clergymen, and chiefly by Roman Catholics. The result is that nearly half the people of Ireland in the Catholic counties can neither read nor write. For thirty years this denominational system has prevailed, and it has proved, according to the general confession of the Irish members of Parliament, "a complete failure." Yet this is the system which our ultramontane priests and politicians would offer us in place of our common schools!

—Governor Peck, of Vermont, is not the kind of man to hide his light under a bushel. Happening to be at Montpelier during the recent fire, he was one of the first to help man the brakes of an engine. It was a good p'int for Governor Peck to make.

—Mr. Longfellow having been invited to become a member of the British Association of Spiritualists, concluded that he would rather not, and so wrote them that "not being a spiritualist in the popular sense of the word—that is to say, never having seen any manifestations that convinced me of the presence of spirits—I should deem it almost an act of dishonesty on my part to accept the compliment you offer. I must therefore, with many thanks for this mark of your consideration, beg leave to decline it."

—Just before Chief Justice Chase was elevated to the bench of the United States Supreme Court, he wrote to Senator Sumner a manly note, in which he said, "I have feared that the President might suppose that I have some agency in the representations which reach him favorable to my appointment. If he has, I hope you will disabuse him of the impression. I would not have the office on the terms of being obliged to ask for it."

—The first patent-right ever awarded to a Chinaman by our government has been granted to Chang Quan Wo, of San Francisco, for a device to fasten the seams of overalls.

—The Earl of Fife, Scotland, has been granted the privilege of disentailing his landed property, covering 250,000 acres, and yielding a net annual income to the tune of $300,000.

—"Governor" Francis, who is governor of two or three dozen Passamaquoddy Indians—they call them a tribe—died a few days since in Maine, at the great age of one hundred and ten years. The tawny old chieftain was not much of a brave, but he was wonderful at playing checkers. He is the noble red man who once went to a grocery with a jug, and said he wanted a gallon of whisky to cure a man who had been bitten by a snake. On being asked if a gallon wasn't more than humanity and science demanded, he replied, "No—very big snake."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The United States Senate, March 23, passed a resolution declaring that "the action of the President in protecting the government in Louisiana of which William P. Kellogg is the Executive, and the people of that State, against domestic violence, and in enforcing the laws of the United States in that State, is approved." The vote was 33 to 24. The nomination of Mr. Pardee to be Judge of the United States District Court of Louisiana failed of confirmation. The special session of the Senate was adjourned, March 24, *sine die*.

The tornado which recently swept over a portion of Georgia caused great loss of life and the destruction of much property. Fifteen houses were wrecked near Milledgeville, and a number of churches at different places were also destroyed. The territory in the line of the storm is a desolate waste.

Hon. John Hickman died at West Chester, Pennsylvania, March 23, aged sixty-five years.—The Rev. Howell Powell, the distinguished pastor of the Thirteenth Street Welsh Church, in this city, died March 23, in his fifty-fifth year.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The bill for the amendment of the Peace Preservation Act was passed on its second reading by the British House of Commons March 24. In the course of the debate Mr. Disraeli pointed out the concessions contained in the bill, and appealed to the patriotism of the Irish members, asking them not to agitate the country by an opposition that must be futile. Sir Edward Watkin said, "If the Irish would renounce the leadership of stump-orators, and adopt industry in place of political agitation, the necessity for exceptional legislation would cease."

In the British House of Commons, March 23, Mr. O'Clery, member for Wexford, gave notice that after the recess he should offer a motion in favor of the recognition by Great Britain of the belligerent rights of the Carlists in Spain.

Don Carlos has issued a decree declaring that General Cabrera has forfeited his former honors, and that he shall be delivered into the hands of a military tribunal for trial if he fall into the hands of the Carlists. Cabrera has organized a staff of twenty Spanish officers for the purpose of communicating with the Carlists and obtaining adhesions to his programme. Don Carlos has called into military service all males in the Navarrese provinces over eighteen years of age.

General Campos has inflicted another defeat on the Carlists at Huguet, near Ridama. The enemy lost 300 and the Alfonsists 68 killed.

Senor Castelar has resigned his professorship in the University in consequence of the action of the government in re-establishing in the schools and colleges the exclusive use of the text-books and prospectuses prescribed during Queen Isabella's time, and otherwise changing the manner of public instruction.

Minister Buffet, in an address to the staff of officials of the French Department of the Interior, March 24, dwelt with emphasis on the fact that the present ministry is essentially conservative.

An explosion took place in a coal mine near Charleroi, March 24, causing the death and injury of many persons.

Twenty prominent Communist prisoners, under the leadership of Dr. Rastoul, escaped recently from New Caledonia in boats built by themselves.

The Prussian government contemplates an amendment of the law against Jesuits, so as to make it operative against other religious orders.

The statue of Manin, the patriot-hero of Venice, was unveiled, March 22, with splendid ceremonies and great enthusiasm on the part of the public. The day was observed as a holiday, and at night there was a general illumination.

The latest steamer advices from Japan report the occurrence of a great fire in Osaka, February 7, by which 1200 buildings were destroyed, including temples and schools. Several lives were lost. The day before that 300 houses in Yokohama were burned, and the foreign settlement narrowly escaped destruction.

REVIEW OF RECENT INVENTIONS.

By EDWARD H. KNIGHT.

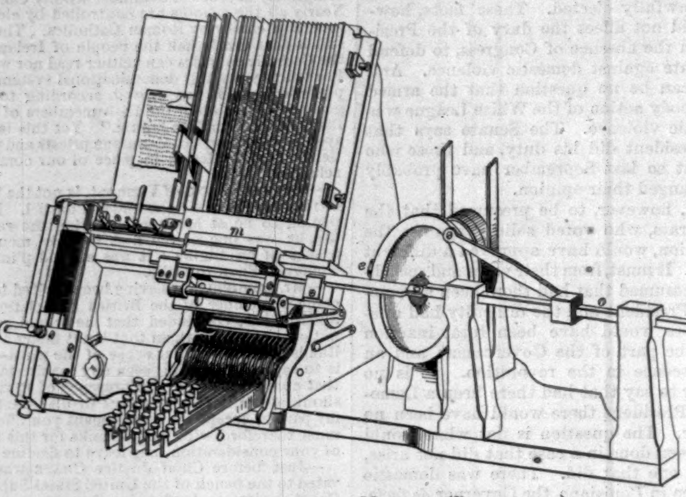


Fig. 1.—Type-setting Machine (Perspective).

It is our purpose to make occasional statements of new inventions and the progress of machinery and the useful arts, more especially a record of some of the more interesting and valuable patents issuing from the Patent-office at Washington. A selection from the list of about one thousand patents monthly must necessarily give an inadequate impression of the immense variety, quantity, and value of the inventions, but it is possible to give, not a summary, but a selection of those of special importance from a national point of view, or interesting from certain peculiarities, or as solutions of problems which have long vexed the mechanical world. The value to the country of the inventive genius of its citizens can not be readily exaggerated, and is so generally admitted that it is not necessary to occupy space in insisting upon it or adducing proof. The late Commissioner, General M. D. Leggett, in his report to Congress, January, 1874, estimated "that fully nine-tenths of all the capital invested in manufacturing in the United States is thus invested because of the security given to it by patents."

One thousand people per month in round numbers are immediately interested in patents as inventors, another thousand are also interested as assignees; how many more thousands are prospectively concerned as future assignees it is hard to say. Scores of thousands also are employed as workmen and salesmen in the shops where the patented machines and articles are made; the better the invention, the more eminently will the machine, tool, or process hold its own against its competitors, the more certain will be the success of a firm or manufacturing establishment, and the more secure the tenure of the position of the workmen and clerks whose interests are, for the time being, bound up with those of their employers. Beyond these are the hundreds of thousands of purchasers and users, whose hard or tedious labors or whose comforts are softened and relieved, enlivened and speeded, or definitely increased, as the case may be, by means of the supplies thus furnished, the value of the appliances or quality of the productions improving from year to year by sensible steps.

This is no place to enter upon the broad question of the improvement in the condition of the people at large, and the greater efficiency of all the appliances which have become a necessity, and whose excellence is still increasing. Sufficient that the subject is worthy of the best skill in selecting and the utmost deftness in presentation, not to waste space in rehearsing the trivial, or needlessly expanding even when the merit of the invention is undeniable. The notices will be necessarily brief, and in selecting a score or two from so large a number no strict classification can be observed, for there is only room for occasional examples in the 145 classes under which, for the purpose of the internal administration of the Patent-office, the 8000 subjects of invention are arranged.

Printing.—The art preservative of all arts may be allowed to lead off. Few classes of invention have been a greater puzzle than the type-setting machine. The pieces to be moved and arranged are so numerous and small, and speed is so necessary, that the rapidity and timing of movements have added much to the intricacy of the problem. It is a race between nimble fingers at the case and more nimble fingers at the keys. The advantage of speed in the latter case has up to this time been counterbalanced by the ability of the compositor at the case to meet varying requirements and exceptional difficulties. A steady class of work may be done by medium of a machine, but it scarcely admits of a great variety of fonts and sorts.

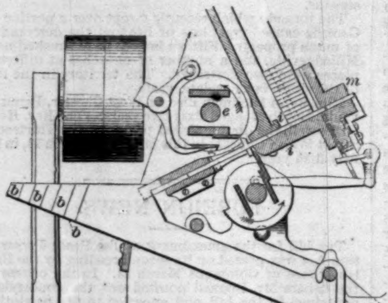


Fig. 2.—Type-setting Machine (Section).

The depression of either of the keys, *b* (Figs. 1 and 2), moves a type forcer, *i*, within the range of the rotating driving-plate, *e*, which actuates it to deliver a type into the race, *m*, from which it is swept by a reciprocating plunger, *o*, which gathers the composed line in the stick. Dividing arms separate the line into proper lengths, which are justified by hand, and slid into the galley. A locking arm, vibrated by a cam, alternately locks and unlocks the keys. The duration of time (determined by the cam) in which they may be depressed is limited, when a key is not struck at the setting moment, by a bolt, which springs over the arm and locks the keys when it is not raised by a key to obstruct such movement. Forcers partially moved are returned by a vibrating guard plate, and those completely moved are retracted by a rotating plate. The keys are so arranged that certain frequently recurring associations of letters in prefixes and affixes, as *tion*, *ed*, *pre*, *ing*, etc., always assume their proper order when struck at one blow.—*Paige.*

Husbandry.—The mother art. In this class inventions are most numerous, and the subjects of invention most diversified. The clearing of the forest; breaking, fencing, draining, and tillage of the ground; culture and care of crops—grain, roots, and fruits; feeding, shelter, and working of domestic animals; the work of the dairy, the farm-house, and butchering—occupy a large majority of the people of this continent.

Fig. 3 is a partial section of the famous Wood harvester, of Hoosick Falls, New York. It shows the main frame, *a*, carrying wheel, *e*, the end of the endless apron, *b*, which moves behind the cutter and carries the cut grain to the spiked elevating apron, *f*, and delivers it into a receptacle, *m*, for binding.—*Locke.*

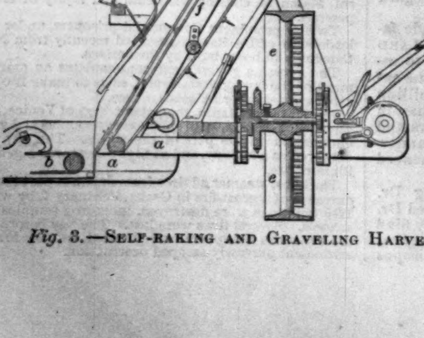


Fig. 3.—Self-raking and Graveling Harvester.

Reasonable hopes are entertained that the automatic binder promised by this firm for the harvest of 1875 will be a success, and will come to the aid of the binder, as the reaper and cradler have been some time since relieved by the reaping machine.

The number of harvesting machines patented to date, including all machines for gathering and securing crops of grain, is about 6500. The variety of machines is, however, much less than the number of patents, for two reasons: hundreds of patents have proved valueless or have been superseded; some of the valuable machines embrace within their structure scores of patents on motions and details.

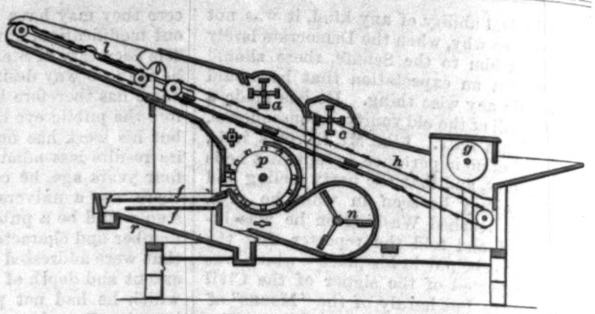


Fig. 4.—Grain Thresher and Clover Huller.

Fig. 4 is a combined grain thresher and clover huller, adapted to either kind of work. For grain it possesses the usual threshing cylinder, *g*, elevating belt, *h*, beaters, *a*, *c*, straw carrier, *l*, shaking shoe, *r*, with riddles, *f*, *f*, and fan, *n*. When clover is to be hulled, the threshed heads are conducted from the end of the carrier, *h*, down the incline to the huller, *p*, where the seed is rubbed out of the chaff so as to be separated by the agitation and blast in the shaking shoe.—*Lippy and Stocking.*

The machine Fig. 5 has a quadrantal platform, from which the gavel is delivered by a horizontally rotating sweep rake, *f*. The action of the rake is intermittent, and is preceded by the descent of the cut-off, *n*, which descends to hold up the cut grain temporarily, that it may not fall upon and entangle the symmetrical pile which is just about to be gathered by the rake and swept into a gavel, and deposited upon the ground behind the main frame and out of the way of the horses upon their next round.—*Miller.*

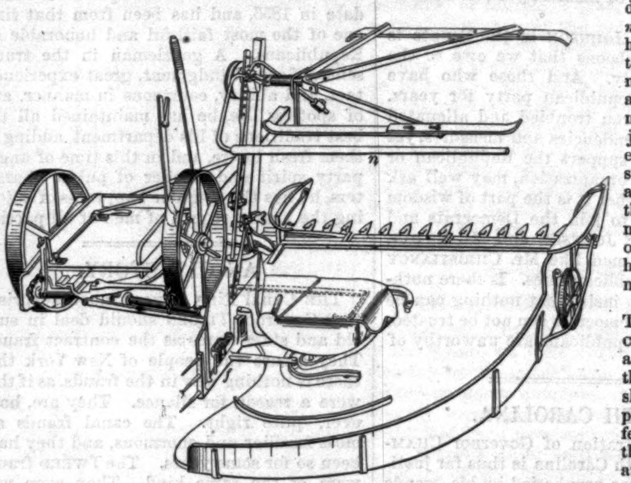


Fig. 5.—Automatic Sweep-rake Harvester.

Ditching and Tile-laying Machine.—Colters cut a triangular ditch, the earth of which is slightly raised by the plow. The tiles are fed through a tube at the rear end of a plow at the same operation, and, as the *mole* passes, the earth settles back upon it.—*Critchet.*

Machines have been made for shearing sheep, clipping horses and fur, and have been proposed for trimming the hair of persons. The latter has not yet been satisfactorily accomplished. Sheep-shearing machines are becoming numerous, and generally consist of a motor connected by a flexible shaft to the shears, whose blades reciprocate against guards, much as in the mowing machine, but on a much reduced scale. The blades of the shears, being thus driven by machinery, require but to be presented along the surface to be shorn, the animal being turned by one hand, while the other holds the shears.

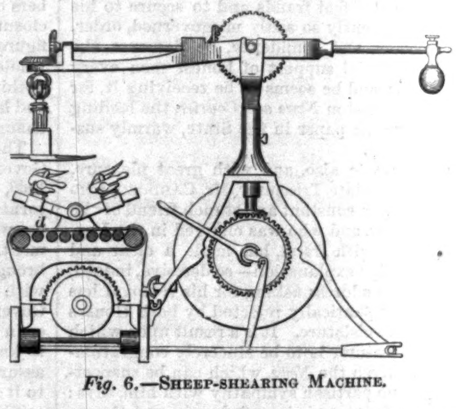


Fig. 6.—Sheep-shearing Machine.

The machine illustrated (Fig. 6) has, in addition to this, an endless belt or table, *d*, for holding and turning the sheep while being shorn; the table is caused to turn by the weight of the sheep which is being shorn, carrying off the fleece to the front of the machine. The shearing frame and the holding frame are detachable, but are coupled together when in use. The stocks for holding the sheep are yielding and adjustable in different directions.—*Chaquette.*

Marine.—Marine structures, both for vessels and for the conduct of engineering operations on the coast and on our rivers, assume year by year more daring and impressive proportions. The mode of sinking piers, for instance, as exhibited in the East River, New York, and in the Mississippi at St. Louis are remarkable examples.

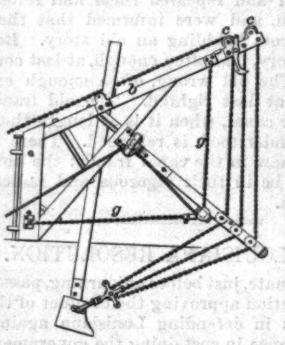


Fig. 7.—Dredging Machine.

Fig. 7 is a dredging machine, having an arm, *b*, and an auxiliary crane arm which permits the power to be applied to the scraper in an almost direct line. The auxiliary arm is swung upward on its pivot, and caught by a latch when working the scraper on either side of the post, and while moving the scraper forward of the main crane arm for the purpose of using it as an anchor while drawing the dredging apparatus to a new place. The power upon the scraper is increased by the compound systems of sheaves on the main and auxiliary crane arms and a swinging block. A cushion on the chain *g* receives the shock of the descending arm.—*Osgood.*

Fig. 8 is a plan of constructing the hulls of iron vessels, by providing at intervals broad ribs which take the place of some of the ordinary ribs, and are extended to a sufficient depth transversely of the hull to form, when covered with an inner skin or lining, sectional water-tight cells around the hull of the vessel. In case of accident, either by collision or otherwise, the sectional compartment where the injury may have occurred will be the extent of the flooded portion.—*Zantzinger.*

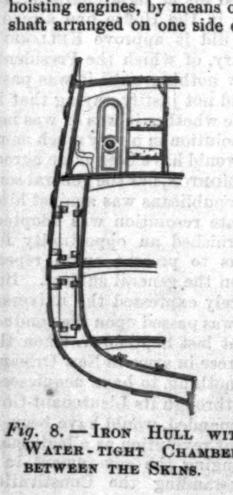


Fig. 8.—Iron Hull with Water-tight Chambers between the Skins.

Fig. 9 is a windlass operated by means of the usual propelling engine or the steam-winches or hoisting engines, by means of a chain, *f′*, from the engine passing around the wheel *d* on a driving shaft arranged on one side of the windlass. The shaft has pinions, *c*, which gear with the toothed

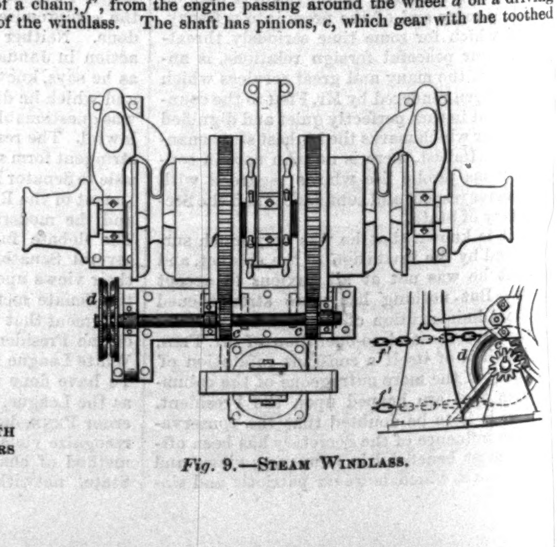


Fig. 9.—Steam Windlass.

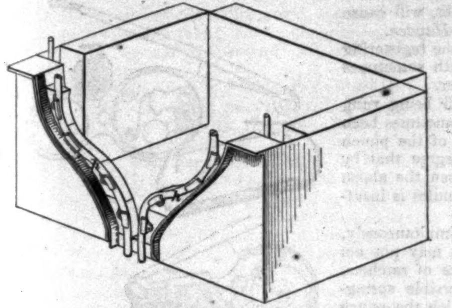


Fig. 10.—Coffer-Dam for Repairing Propeller.

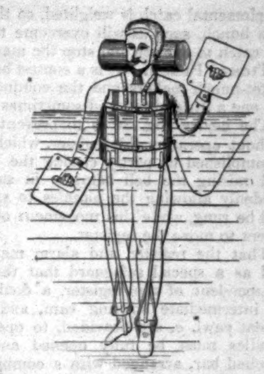


Fig. 11.—Life-Preserver.

purchase wheels, *f*, of the windlass barrel. The general view is a plan; a part is shown in elevation in another view.—*Hatfield.*

Fig. 10 is a floating coffer-dam with adjustable slides, to be clasped firmly around the stern portion of a vessel to allow the removal or repair of a screw-propeller without dry-docking the vessel. It forms an inclosure around the stern, from which the water may be pumped out to enable the stern-post, propeller, and rudder to be reached. The sections, *h*, which make a water-tight joint against the skin of the vessel are operated by screws and bevel-gearing.—*Cox.*

A life-saving jacket and ballast weights (Fig. 11), constructed to fit loosely around the legs, and suspended by straps from the jacket; the weight of the ballast being thereby removed from the limbs of the wearer and borne by the jacket.—*Stoner.*

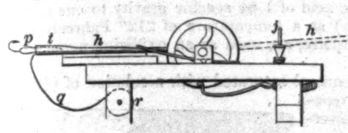


Fig. 12.—Fishing-line Thrower.

Fig. 12 is a view of an application of the Roman catapult principle to the throwing of fishing trawls. Much embarrassment is felt by beginners in throwing squids and such like, but the thing will now be easy. The arm, *h*, is brought over under the catch, *j*, and the sinker, *p*, placed in the tube, *t*, as shown by the dotted lines; the line, *q*, is then unwound from the spool, *r*, when the arm, *h*, is released and whirled over by the springs with such force as to throw out the sinker and hurl it to some distance from the machine.

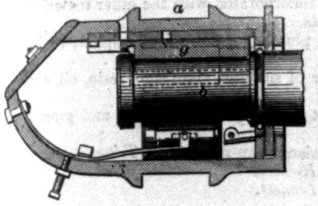


Fig. 13.—Car-axle Box.

Railway.—It may not have occurred to many of our readers to count the number of parts in the truck of a railway car, or to trace the series of impositions by which the weight of the car is brought eventually to bear upon the axles of the wheels. In a passenger-car of the best class the system is quite complex, and will not be readily understood without careful study. Try it.

Fig. 13 gives one end of the series, the brass, *g*, resting on the axle end, *b*, and supporting the axle box, *a*, whose principal duty is to carry the lubricant, exclude dirt, and play up and down in the housings which are attached to the truck frame. In the illustration the fabric containing the lubricant is held against the under side of the axle arm by means of a spring.—*Brosius.*

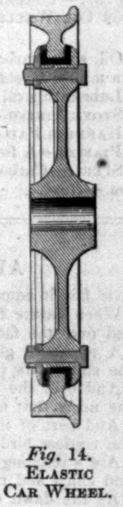


Fig. 14. Elastic Car Wheel.

Fig. 14. is a car wheel in which a body of elastic material intervenes between the rim and the hub, so as to prevent direct contact of the two.—*Woodbury.*

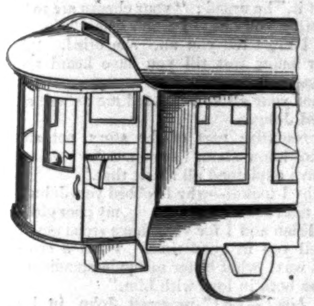


Fig. 15.—Vestibule Street Car.

Street Car.—A street car (Fig. 15), with a vestibule at the rear end, having a side entrance door, and four seats additional to the usual ones in the body of the car.—*Frick.*

Omnibus.—An omnibus (Fig. 16) running on two large wheels at about its midlength, and a forward caster wheel, with stiff tongue. The wheels, in side housings, are journaled in vertically moving frames, which have spring seats, on which the top of the body directly rests.—*Nichols.*

A **Way Meter**, to enable a passenger to determine the distance traveled by the carriage from time to time, the record to commence when the passenger takes his seat, and to stop on his rising therefrom, whether the carriage be moved forward or backward on the track.—*Littlefield.*

Roofing.—A layer of felt or paper is first applied to the sheathing. Upon this is placed a coat or layer of tar and paraffine, and, while hot, the whole is covered with coarse canvas, upon which another coat of tar and paraffine is laid. Before this last coat is cool, a composition of the following ingredients is spread until it is no longer absorbed, viz., one quart of water-lime, one quart of slacked white lime, one pint of salt, one pound of pulverized mica, all thoroughly mixed in half a bushel of clean sand. After this cement is set or hardened, a coat of the following composition is applied: One pound of water-lime, three pounds of unslacked white lime, two ounces of salt, two ounces of pulverized mica, one pound of pulverized potash.—*Churchill.*

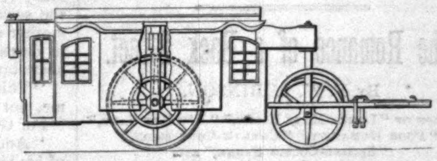


Fig. 16.—Three-wheeled Omnibus.

Artificial Leather. — Vegetable leather composed of paper having one or both of its surfaces converted into vegetable parchment. The paper is exposed in an acid bath until the surface is reduced to a pulpy state. The acid is then nearly all washed away, and the fabric dyed with aniline dyes, the acid serving as a mordant. It is then treated with glycerine, dried, calendered and embossed.—*Karcheski.*

Hoisting.—Fig. 17 is a fireman's elevator on the "lazy tongs" plan, of triangular shape, and raised and lowered by three winches and screws, connected together by bevel-gearing.—*Duggan.*

A device for elevating building materials to the roofs of buildings (Fig. 18). It consists of a jointed extension ladder, adapted to rest on the roof and against the side of the building, its sides constituting tracks for the passage of a truck or car from the ground to the summit of the building by means of suitable hoisting appliances.—*Conrad and Fahrniger.*

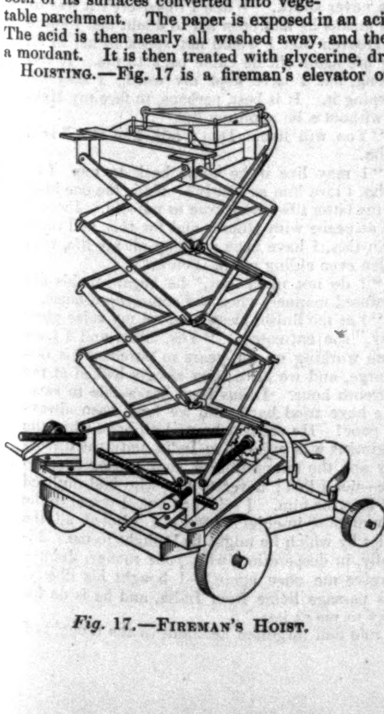


Fig. 17.—Fireman's Hoist.

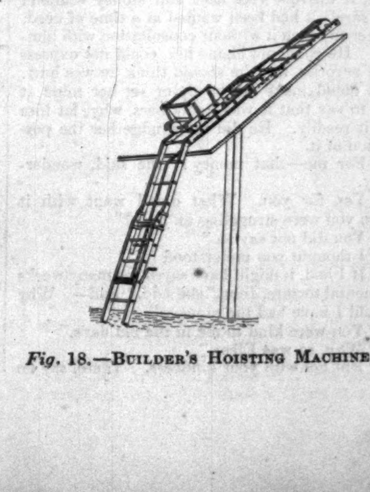


Fig. 18.—Builder's Hoisting Machine.

An apparatus for loading cars and vessels (Fig. 19). A portable track lying on shore has a section hinged to be raised and hooked on to the gunwale of a vessel. The loaded car, drawn up by a horse rope passed around a sheave at the raised end, is tilted and stopped by reason of the hind-wheels rising on a curved extremity of the track.—*Barclay.*

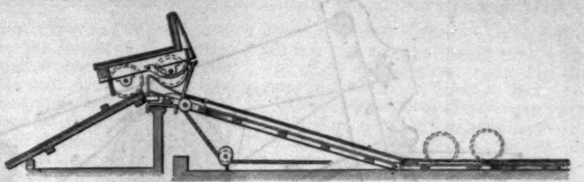


Fig. 19.—Boat-loading Car and Track.

Street Sweeper.—The main brush or broom in Fig. 20 is hung from the main axle, and is adjustable vertically by connecting rod and bell-crank levers. The dirt is deposited in a temporary receiver by the main brush, from which it is discharged into a dumping box or receiver by a supplemental broom. The pan upon which the dirt is received from the main broom and directed into the first receiver is hinged so as to be in contact with the ground at all times. Over and in the rear of the broom is a hinged trap or hood, which catches any dirt which might be thrown over by the broom, thus preventing its being deposited on the street behind the broom. Sufficient yielding movement of the broom is imparted by springs connected with the broom-operating mechanism.—*Smith.*

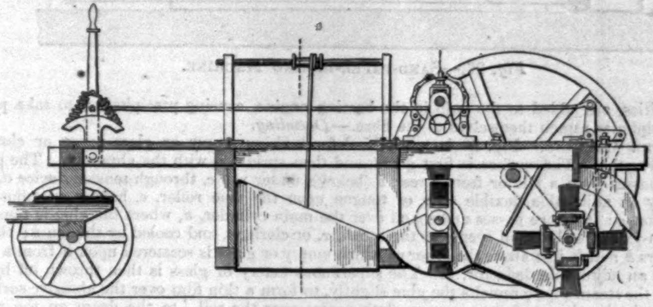


Fig. 20.—Street Sweeper.

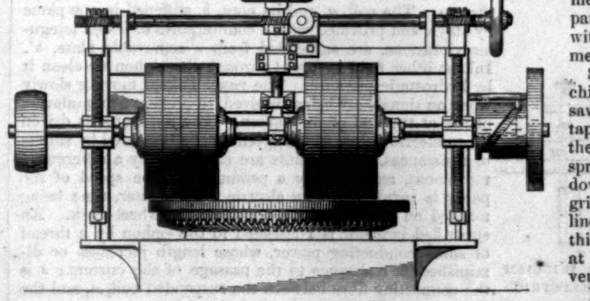


Fig. 21.—Saw-grinding Machine.

Saws.—Fig. 21 is a machine for grinding circular saw blades with the desired taper. The shaft on which the stones are set may be sprung at the middle, up or down, thus throwing the grinding surfaces out of line, and grinding the saw thicker at the centre than at the edge, or the converse.—*Disston.*

Filter.—A filter (Fig. 22) for rain-water between the spouting and the cistern. It has an outer and inner chamber filled with filtering material, to which the water is admitted by a supply pipe passing through a perforated bottom, *d*, of the outer chamber, and side apertures, *d′ d′*, of the inner chamber, into the latter, rising therein until reaching the height of the central discharge pipe, *b′*, from which it is carried to the cistern or other place. A perforated outlet hole, *b*, of the discharge pipe, near the bottom of the inner chamber, drains the remaining water from the filtering material, while a screw spout, *a*, permits the cleansing of the outer chamber.—*Gentry.*

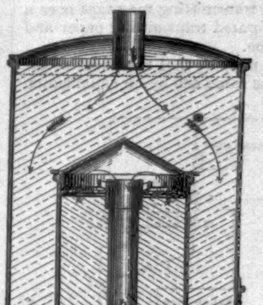


Fig. 22.—Rain-water Filter.

Fountain.—The water in Fig. 23 is discharged from the annular water chamber in a thin film, which assumes the form of a hollow elongated globe. This acts as a seal or stench trap, in the case of a urinal, making a thin screen of water over the whole opening of the vessel.—*Burton.*

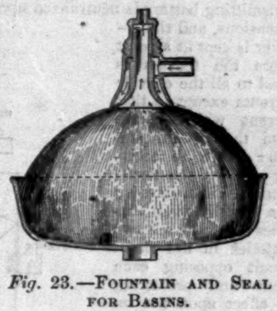


Fig. 23.—Fountain and Seal for Basins.

Anti-Moth—protecting cotton, wool, clothing, etc., from moths by odorating and impregnating them with a decoction of red cedar, fixed by aluminous or iron mordants. A solution of sulphate of zinc keeps the fabric from mildew.—*Chipman.*

Paints.—A vehicle for paints, composed of glue, borax, sal-soda, ground sulphate of lime, oil, and water, with or without aniline, united under steam pressure and mixed with resin, sugar of lead, linseed, or other drying oil.—*Tascott.*

A fire-proof paint composed of quicklime, Paris white, oxide of zinc, common table salt, sulphate of zinc, borax, carbonate of potash, sulphate of iron, tungstate of soda, gelatine, muriatic acid, crude petroleum, coal-tar, and water.—*Smith.*

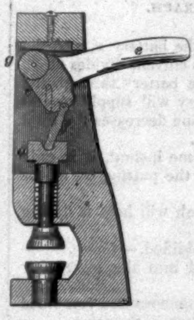


Fig. 24.—Punching Press.

Presses.—Fig. 24 is a compact toggle-joint movement for punching and embossing presses. A two-headed lever has a rolling bearing, *g*, upon the upper side, and a socket for the link, *f*, on its lower side, whereby it depresses the plunger, *d*, of the press. When the handle, *e*, is elevated, the plunger is raised by a spiral spring.—*Safford.*

The cotton press Fig. 25 is operated by the direct use of a steam piston-rod, *g*, which is formed into a rack, *g′ g′*, that gears with and operates cog sectors and links; *a* is an open-topped cylinder in which the piston, *e*, works; *b* is the stationary platen of the press; *k* is the movable platen, which is raised by the lifting rods, *i*, when the toggle links, *h*, are straightened out by the action of the rack, *g′ g′*, on the sector racks, *f f*.—*Morse.*

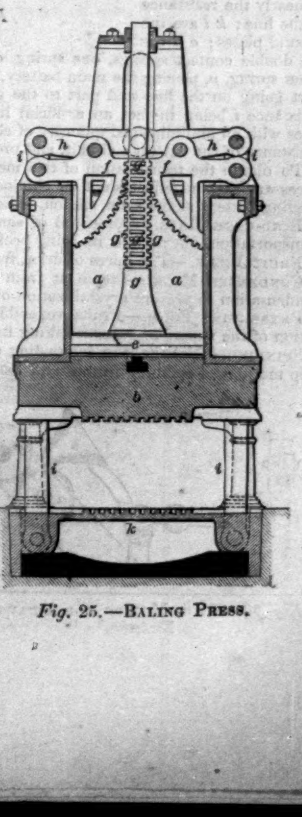


Fig. 25.—Baling Press.

Bleaching Fats.—Fatty oils are agitated with yeast to break up the albuminous and mucilaginous matters, and subsequently treated with sulphuric acid, permanganate of soda, and water.—*Babcock.*

Paper.—Paper pulp fibre is *filled* by first applying chloride of barium in the mixing vessel; secondly, sulphate of magnesia; thirdly, chloride of magnesium; and fourthly, silicate of soda, at proper intervals. The solutions, in com-

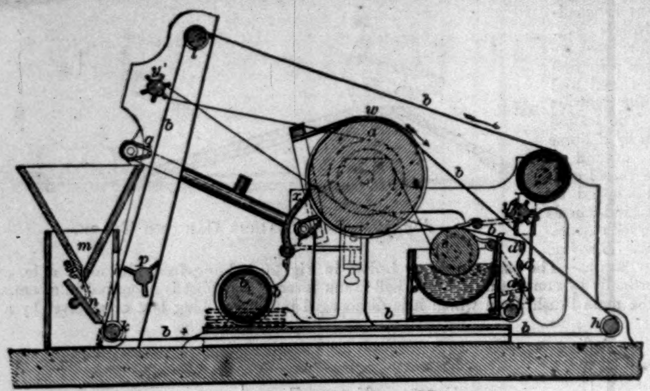


Fig. 26.—Sand-paper-making Machine.

puted quantities, are added to the pulp in the beating engine, causing precipitation to take place, and the precipitates attach themselves to the fibre.—*Duemling.*

Sand-paper Machine.—Fig. 26 is a machine for making emery or glass paper or cloth in continuous lengths. The surface is first glued, and then sprinkled with the abradant. The paper or cloth, *b*, passes from a pile or from a reel, *b* (below), under roll *c*, through tension device *d*, and is pressed by an adjustable flexible strip or tongue upon the glue roller, *e*, having an adjustable flexible doctor, *g*; it thence passes under and over the main cylinder, *a*, where the glue is remelted by the steam-pipe *t*, and spread evenly by the brush, *x*, or cloth, *w*, and cooled by the fan *y*; thence around rollers *h* and *k*, just above the latter of which emery or glass is scattered upon it from a hopper, *m*, over an adjustable deflector, *n*. The superfluous emery or glass is then thrown off by the whipper, *p*; the steam-pipe *q* remelts the glue slightly, to form a thin film over the abrasive surface; the fan *y'* cools the glue, and the paper or cloth passes over the roll *l* to the drum on the right, which has a friction clutch or slip pulley to prevent the paper or cloth being torn by too great tension.—*Edwards.*

Telegraph.—Fig. 27 is an illustration of a new electric telegraph apparatus by Sir William Thomson, so well known in connection with his reflecting galvanometer, used as the receiving instrument of the submarine Atlantic cable.

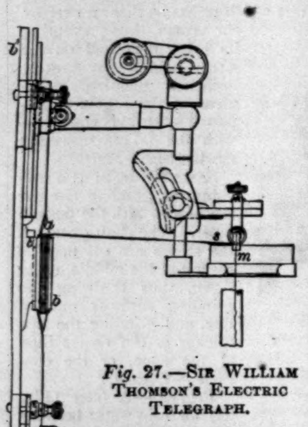


Fig. 27.—Sir William Thomson's Electric Telegraph.

The suspended signal coil, *a*, controlling the siphon ink recorder, has each side in a magnetic field, and is thereby rendered more sensitive. Graduated shunts are applied thereto. The coil, *a*, and its core, *b*, stiffened in one plane by stays, and provided with a counterpoise to lessen irregular vibrations, are suspended from a removable plate, *b'*. Ink or other fluid is forced through the siphon to clean it by hydrostatic pressure. The paper is kept moving slowly when no signals are being received, to prevent accumulation of ink at the end of the siphon. The apparatus is driven by an electromotor, whose speed can be regulated by shunts or resistances. The shunts are controlled by a differential movement, regulated by a pendulum. The speed of the paper is regulated by an electric chronometer, time being marked on the paper by a punch on the wheel-work. An electrified inductor is connected to the siphon by a thread of small conducting power, whose length increases or diminishes its resistance to the passage of the current; *s* is the connecting fibre between the suspended coil, *a*, and the siphon, *m.*—*Thomson.*

An electro-thermostatic fire-alarm, having a constantly closed main line through the signal apparatus, a thermostat normally keeping closed a shunt to the magnet of the signal apparatus, rendering the same inactive till the shunt is broken by the action of heat on the thermostat, when, the current being obliged to traverse the circuit through the magnet, it releases the signal mechanism.—*Frost.*

Fig. 28 is one of the curiosities of the day—a duplex telegraph for transmitting messages over a single wire in two directions at the same time. In this instance perforated transmitting paper and chemical receiving paper are employed at the respective ends of the line.

The batteries, resistances, and connections are arranged in such a manner that the effect of the transmitting battery is neutralized upon the receiving instrument at the same end by an equalization of tensions, and the receiver is kept at a point where the tension is equal to all the electric currents except to that current which comes from the distant station: *d e* are the receiving and *b c* the transmitting instruments; *m n* are the main batteries; *u* and *v* are two batteries in the shunt circuit opposing each other and producing no effect upon the receiver; *w x* are batteries operating similarly to *u v*; *f g* are resistance coils, to increase and decrease the length of the shunt circuits; *h i* are resistance coils of nearly the resistance of the line; *k l* are the ground plates; *o p* are the double contact springs, one spring, *o*, cutting off or "short circuiting" the battery *x*, and the other spring, *p*, placing the main battery, *n*, upon the line. This main battery current divides at *d'*, part going on the line and part to the ground, this route or negative of the battery through the resistance *i* being in fact an artificial line, it being well known that a battery will supply several lines with an undiminished quantity of electricity, and that the addition of a line decreases the total resistance of the battery's circuit, and produces an extra amount of electricity.

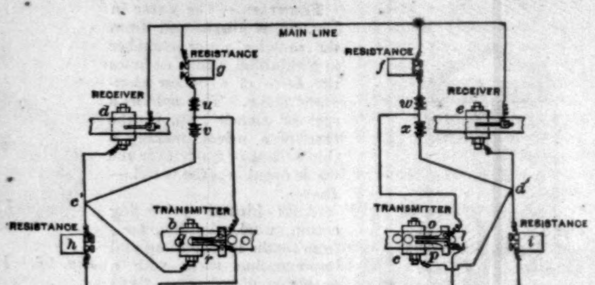


Fig. 28.—Edison's Duplex Telegraph.

To obtain the transmission of two messages over the same wire at the same instant, it is only necessary that no effect shall be obtained upon the receiving instrument by the putting on of the sending battery at the same station.—*Edison.*

Bird-cage Mats.—Composed of sand attached to a base by a paste which will hold it during transportation, but permits its being pecked off by the bird.—*Singer.*

Fruit Jelly.—The juices of dried fruit and of green fruit mingled and solidified.—*Chase.*

Condensed Milk.—Steam at from 220° to 425° Fahrenheit is injected into the milk after condensation to prevent crystallization of the milk sugar.—*Bishop.*

Preserving Food.—Fruits, vegetables, meats, etc., subjected to the simultaneous and combined action of the vapors or gases resulting from the combustion of sugar and sulphur.—*Snedeker.*

Spinning.—Not the least interesting among the delicate automatic devices of machinery are the stop motions of spinning frames and looms, in which the machine or the portion of it immediately concerned is thrown out of gear with the driver if a thread breaks. In the example illustrated (Fig. 29), a stopping mechanism for drawing frames, the sliver passes by the reel, *g*, to the trumpet, *b*, and thence to the calender rolls, *a a*. The tension exerted elevates the long end of the trumpet lever, *d*, keeping it out of the way of the reel; but when a sliver breaks, the trumpet lever falls, and engages the reel, *g*, stopping its revolution.

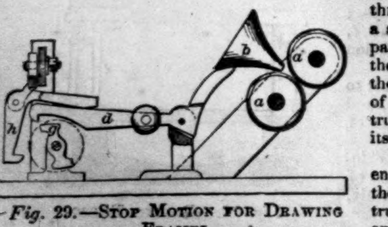


Fig. 29.—Stop Motion for Drawing Frames.

In addition to the trumpet lever, *d*, whose hooked end engages the stop wheel, *g*, when a sliver breaks, there is a supplemental catch, *h*, operated by the trumpet lever so as to engage the stop wheel when an enlargement occurs in the sliver; one arm of the supplemental catch is weighted, so that only an objectionable bunch, such as will overcome the weight, will cause the catch to operate and stop the machine.—*Hayden.*

Ticket Punch.—It is a contest between the registering ticket-punch makers and the conductors, with sometimes the one a little ahead and sometimes the other.

The device Fig. 30 is to prevent the bell being rung without operating the register, which has sometimes been accomplished by partly closing the handles of the punch and raising the bell hammer in such a degree that by suddenly allowing the handles to spring open the alarm will be rung, while this movement of the handles is insufficient to move the register.

That the register and alarm may act simultaneously, and as a special safeguard that the alarm may not act independent of the register, a double series of ratchets, an intermediate shifting cam, and a reversible spring-detent pawl, *g*, are provided, to operate which the punch handles must be fully opened and closed. A single-notched bar, arranged with a combination lock, serves to fasten the covers of both the alarm and register.—*Corbett.*

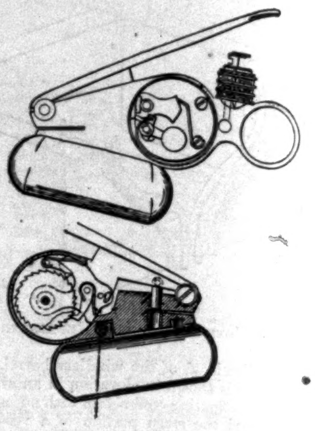


Fig. 30.—Alarm Ticket Punch.

Explosives.—Fig. 31 is a mode of exploding torpedoes at the bottom of oil wells or at such other depths as may be judged to be near fissures whence it may be obtained. The torpedo has an anchor, *b*, at bottom which allows it to descend, but resists retraction. The torpedo is exploded by a steady pull, by which, as the anchor is detached, a friction primer is withdrawn, and ignites the charge of nitro-glycerine.—*Peck.*

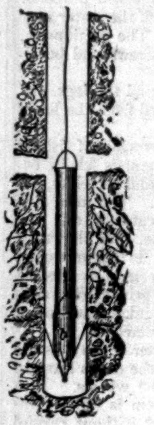


Fig. 31.—Torpedo for Oil Wells.

An explosive compound composed of carbonate of magnesia, nitrate of potash, chlorate of potash, sugar, and nitro-glycerine.—*Willard.*

An explosive compound made by treating naphthaline with strong nitro-sulphuric acid (two parts of sulphuric acid of 1.84 specific gravity to one part of nitric acid of 1.5 specific gravity) at a temperature of 212° Fahrenheit. Saltpetre and sulphur, instead of saltpetre, are used as an oxidizing agent.—*Volney.*

Kindling.—Lumps of coke or charcoal saturated with a solution of resin and turpentine, and coated with a preparation composed of equal parts of pulverized charcoal, coal, and saw-dust.—*Commins.*

Fig. 32.—Dental File.

Dental.—Fig. 32 is a thin metal file blade for dentists, extended to form a handle, which is perforated in order to be held more firmly while in use.—*Johnston.*

Dental Amalgam.—The mercury is incorporated with the other materials while in a molten condition.—*Southworth.*

Lubricating Compounds.—Tallow, plumbago, flowers of sulphur, resin, and lime-water.—*Williams.*

Sal-soda, borax, kaolin, water, flowers of sulphur, plumbago, resin, oil, elm bark, and liquor of ammonia.—*Scott.*

Oil, soda, carbonate of lime, and water, saponified to about the consistency of wax, and ground in a mill.—*Benedict.*

Lubricating oil 100 parts, grease 60, resin oil 55, and pulverized soap-stone 70.—*Tilton.*

Stove Lining.—Composed of fire-clay, shells, and lime.—*Richter.*

Harness Pad.—Sheet cork in alternate layers with felt.—*Domett.*

Pianos.—A frame made of "high" steel.—*Atwood.*

Steel.—Carbonate of ammonia and common salt for the manufacture of steel from decarbonized iron.—*Rush.*

AWAKENING.

How fair it comes, the wonderful hour
  When nature from sleep awakes,
And over the face of the earth at last
  A new-born gladness breaks!
The stars grow pale in the shadowy sky,
  And over the mountains creep
The mists that are part of the waking world,
  And part of the earth's sweet sleep.
The restless birds in the tree-tops high
  Are stretching their wings at last,
And chirp and twitter their songs of praise
  As the dawn comes on so fast.
But who can tell of the wondrous charm
  When over the distant hills
The day's bright king in his glory comes,
  And the earth with radiance fills?
Now scatter, ye mists, from the mountain-side,
  And die in the sky's soft blue,
For the dawn has passed, and the day is here,
  With its light and joy so true.

The Romance of a Back Street.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "Poor Humanity," "Carry's Confession," "Second-Cousin Sarah," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CRUEL TRUTH.

Mary Morison's avowal was a revelation unlooked for by John Dax, but he bore it with equanimity. He was startled, even thunder-struck, for an instant by the confession of the sick girl, but not a muscle of his countenance betrayed him.

"Is that all?" he said, cheerfully. "Why, it *was* yours; it was always intended for you, Mary."

For him and her if they should ever marry; for her if he should die; for her at any time, even, if distress were near and money wanted: and surely it had been wanted at a time of need, for her to touch it without consultation with himself. He could not blame her, could not express even surprise, lest she should think he was hurt. If it could make her happy or set her mind at rest to say that it was freely hers, why, let him say it readily. He did not grudge her the possession of it.

"For me—that money?" she said, wonderingly.

"Yes, for you. What did I want with it when you were struggling on here?"

"You did not say so."

"I thought you understood it."

"If I had, it might have saved me many weeks of mental torture, John," she said, "and— Why should I have had the money?"

"You were kind to me in the old days."

"Why, so was Ellen."

"But not with your kindness. There, say no more about it," he urged; "your cheeks are red. This is putting you out. I won't listen."

"John, I must tell you all," she cried. "I shall never know rest till you have heard my miserable story."

"Can not your sister Ellen tell me as well as you?" asked John.

"Yes, presently; part of the story, not all. She does not know about the money."

"We have explained all about that."

"Not why I took it—why I robbed you, John."

"It was not robbery. But go on, my poor girl."

"Why Ellen and I for years have stood apart, she will tell you in good time. What a cruel jealousy it was! what bitter misunderstandings! for we were both in love with him."

"With *him!*—oh!" repeated John, in his amazement.

"But I loved him best, though latest. I did not know, to begin with, that I was breaking Ellen's heart to love him and to let him love me back; but I think it broke when he liked me," Mary continued. "She turned upon us then; she separated us; she set my poor father and mother against him—even me, for a while—and in despair he enlisted for a soldier. Then my heart broke too, I think sometimes."

"This is the story that your sister should tell me, not you," said John Dax, very moodily. "For God's sake spare yourself."

"And me," he might have added in that hour of his bitterest discomfiture.

"Well, well, you guess now why Ellen and I can never speak. When I discovered it was by her means he had been led to doubt me, I swore to Heaven that I would not speak to her in all my life again till he came back to me. It was wrong, but I have kept my word; I may die keeping it. It is best, perhaps, to face my Maker without a lie upon my lips."

"You will live. Don't talk like this," said John.

"I may live if he come back to me. Oh, John, I love him so dearly! He is the one hope of my bitter life; he is true to me still. I would be at peace with Ellen; and for this, and more than this, I have been working all my life, with Ellen even aiding me in silence."

"I do not make out," he began, in his old confused manner, when she commenced anew.

"Let me finish, please, before my voice gives way," she entreated. "Yes, Ellen and I have been working on for years to purchase his discharge, and we have been always balked at the eleventh hour. It has been impossible to save. We have tried hard, and we have been always so poor! He seemed beyond all hope when the regiment was ordered to India, until the discovery and the temptation of your money came to me—not Ellen; never to her, who had outlived all love for him. I schemed on; I wrote to the commander-in-chief's office; I studied all the rules by which he might be brought to me. Finally, in desperation, with your money, John—forgive me once again!—I bought his liberty, his passage home from India, and he is on his way to me at last."

She had forgotten her fault in the thought of his return again; John could see that by the light upon her face. Ah! woman is weak.

"When will he return?" asked John, in a hoarse voice.

"Soon, I hope," she whispered—"very soon."

There was a long pause. The confession had been made, and John Dax had offered all the absolution in his power. But he did not move away at once from the bedside; he sat there, stupefied by the revelation which had been made, and which had cut down every fair green shoot of promise his own folly had allowed to spring up in the desert of his uncomplaining life.

He had served long and waited long, and failed. There are some men who seem born to wait always, and to fail in every thing on which their hearts are set, and John Dax was one of these.

"You have not told me again I am forgiven, John," said Mary, faintly, at last.

"I have nothing to forgive," said John, in reply, as he rose. "Always believe I meant the money for you. I never thought of it for myself."

He wished that he could have spent the money in her cause as she had spent it; that was the one regret concerning it. And it was of the man who had been saved, and not of the money which had saved him, that kept him very thoughtful.

"You say this to set my mind at ease," she added.

"Don't think that. And now, God bless you, Mary!"

"Presently we shall pay you back, when Alec—"

"Don't say any thing more to me, please. You are very weak still. Good-by."

He rested his large thin hand upon hers again for an instant, and then passed out of the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELLEN IS GRATEFUL.

IT was thus that the idol fell which John Dax had worshiped. A wild fancy had given way to reality, and Mary Morison, of Gibbon Street, was a poor weak mortal after all. In her passion and despair she had betrayed the trust which John had placed in her, and taken his money to restore a lover to her side. The man's legacy had been the means of destroying the one hope that he had ever had; he had shut himself out of the daylight for good. He understood now why Mary had blushed and trembled of late days, and before her illness, at meeting him occasionally: it was remorse. There was no wild thrill of pleasure at that recollection now; his romance was at an end. After all, it was only the romance of a back street; and what could such a hero as John Dax have expected?

He went down stairs into the parlor, where Ellen awaited him. She looked anxiously into his face, and said, reprovingly,

"You have let her talk too much; you have been inconsiderate."

He was always in the wrong, poor fellow!

"I have been as careful as I could," he said, by way of excuse; "but your sister had a good deal to tell me."

"Of our long quarrel?" she inquired, moodily. "Ah, it was hardly necessary that you should know it."

"I think it was," he answered, thoughtfully.

"And yet she was anxious about you of late days. There was a reason for it, I suppose?" she asked, a little curiously.

John Dax saw his opportunity here. Even in his disappointment he was considerate for the woman he loved.

"Yes, Miss Ellen, there was a reason. The money up stairs—you remember."

"What of that?" was the quick inquiry. "She—she never—"

"It was lent to her to buy Alec's discharge, to pay his passage back to England, to help him in any way upon his journey," said John Dax, coolly and firmly.

"Lent by you—for her sake!" exclaimed Ellen.

"What use was the money to me, when she was fretting for the soldier away in India?"

"You can never be repaid," said Ellen.

"I don't care to be," answered John, "though I am not so sure of it, for all that."

"John," said Ellen, seizing his hand in hers, "I did not think you could be so kind and generous as this. Why did you not tell me before?"

"It was a little surprise of mine," he said, with a short laugh.

"A surprise indeed. And you have known Mary's love story all the while, and sympathized with her and helped her, and forgotten your own poor foolish dreams! And yet—"

John interrupted her second train of thought.

"I have not known every thing very clearly till to-day," he said; "there was a little mystery—not much—and Miss Mary has set that right at last. As for Alec"—he spoke as if he had known his rival and had been interested in him for years, and his manner of recital helped to deceive his listener—"although I shall be glad to see him back for your sister's sake, I think I shall be gladder for yours."

"What do you mean?"

"His coming back will end the long quarrel, won't it?"

She flushed crimson, and wrung her hands silently together. "She was never to *speak* to me till he came back again," she murmured, "and he is on his way. Yes," she added, gravely, "for that one reason I shall be glad to see him."

"I thought you would. You don't bear malice now?"

"Malice!" she repeated, quickly. "Do you think I—" Then she paused, and looked at John attentively, and substituted another question for the one that remained half finished on her lips.

"Has Mary told you the story of our quarrel?"

"Most of it. She said you would tell the rest."

"How I loved Alec Williamson first, and how she came between us?"

"Yes, and how you continued to separate them until—"

"Until, in the bitterness of his disappointment, he enlisted for a soldier, poor martyr," she said, sadly rather than bitterly. "Well, well, John, let her version of the story stand; it is not deserving of further explanation, and I am too proud to offer it."

She looked a very proud woman at that moment, John thought, and he regarded her as an enigma very difficult to solve. For an instant there flitted across the dull mind of this one-ideaed man the suspicion that it was Ellen Morison who had been injured and cast down, and who was deserving of all kindly consideration, from the early days of a cruel disappointment until now; and then he thought of Mary lying ill up stairs, and his charity sided with his pity for her. Mary had been deceived, and her unforgiving sister Ellen was the evil genius of her life—that was how he read the legend to the last. He was wrong; but he was not the first to misjudge a woman, and think the worst of her when she was at her best. It is a man's perogative and woman's fate occasionally.

"There is one favor I want to ask of you before I go away this morning," John said, after a long silence between them. It had been in his mind ever since Mary's revelation, and he had not found the courage to mention it till he was standing at the door ready to depart.

"You can not ask a favor of us that will be refused, if it lie in our power to grant it," she exclaimed, readily.

"It is in your power only."

"What is it?"

"When I first came back I spoke of my foolish love for the poor girl up stairs."

"Yes."

"It died out, of course—that is, any hope I had died off clean when I heard about the soldier, and when we were arranging our plans to buy him off, and so on."

"I am glad you did not brood upon it at all," said Ellen.

"And my only trouble now is that Mary—Miss Mary, as I ought to call her still," he added, apologetically—"should ever hear of my silly fancy for her. I didn't want any body to know this. I wish I'd never told you a word about it now."

"It might do her good to hear the story some day," mused Ellen.

"No, it wouldn't," John said, flatly contradicting her; "and it makes me look soft and stupid. I'm both; I know that; you know it too, and are smiling at me, though you try hard to look serious; but I couldn't help liking her a great deal once. But don't tell her so—ever—will you?"

"I will not," Ellen Morison promised.

"That's right," said John, evidently relieved in his mind. "I can go back to my work now jolly. It seems all squaring round so well. Miss Mary getting stronger, forgetting and forgiving every thing you have done to her, and her young man coming back from India to make her heart light for ever and ever. Why, this is capital."

"And all this your doing," said Ellen, gratefully; and her hands were extended toward him again. "It is from your sacrifice that the happiness will spring. What have we done to deserve it?"

"You were kind to me in the old days," he stammered forth. "I can't forget it."

"And, John, we will never forget you."

"Thankee, thankee," he said, twice.

"Our only friend, our best friend, God bless you!" she said, gratefully. Then she released his hand and let him go away, standing and watching his thoughtful progress down the street, and whispering her blessing after him again. He was not deserving of it. He had not acted as she thought he had. Mary had not left him the chance of being worthy of one poor woman's gratitude. Of these three shadowy characters of Gibbon Street not one fairly understood the other to the end of time.

CHAPTER IX.

"HAPPY TOGETHER!"

JOHN DAX had become a hero in spite of himself, and there was no dropping the character. There were two young women grateful to him: Mary for his forgiveness, his warm-heartedness, and all he had said to assure her that the money was her own to dispose of as best pleased her; and Ellen because he had done so much to bring happiness to the repository. It had not come yet, but he was none the less a hero. Heroism had been thrust upon him, and it did not seem at first glance as if it were agreeing with him. A good action had scarcely been its own reward, and he was dull and grave, until the question came uppermost one day, Did he regret all that he had done to help them?

No, no; he did not regret it; he was not sorry he had parted with his money to bring back Alec Williamson; he was glad of it; but he should not be truly happy until the lover's return. This, or something like this, was his reply; he was only thoughtful for fear that his efforts had been in vain, and that the better times would never come.

For these assurances he was always welcome to Gibbon Street. Mary knew why he talked in this strain, and took the task on himself to screen her from suspicion. Ellen only read a noble and disinterested nature in the man who had done so much for them. There were bright smiles and friendly pressures of the hand for John Dax now. The shadow of his past estate did not fall upon him. They had forgotten their rescue of him from the streets in the winter's snow. They respected him, nay, reverenced him, as a man who had done much to clear away the clouds about their lives.

He came every day till Mary was down stairs again, and Ellen at her old post behind the counter. Here was the same situation as of old, but they three were waiting for the change to it. There was a shimmer of happiness already about the house. There were smiles exchanged between the sisters. There was no bitter wrong now, only the affliction of a rash vow which both were sorry for, and of which both were longing to see the end.

And the beginning of the end came when Mary had been down stairs a fortnight.

John Dax was proceeding at his usual slow rate down Gibbon Street one evening, when Ellen, cloaked and bonneted, met him on his way to the repository. He would have passed without seeing her, had she not caught him by the arm.

"Ah! Ellen, is that you? There's nothing the matter, I hope?" he added, as he became aware that she was paler than usual.

"There is nothing wrong, but there is something the matter, John," said Ellen: "can't you guess what it is?"

"Yes, I think I can," he answered.

They walked on in silence for a few steps, then John said,

"He has come back?"

"Yes."

"He is at the repository?"

"Yes."

"Was Mary very pleased to see him?" was his third question.

"Very pleased," answered Ellen. "I did not hear what she said. I came into the street and left them together. I could not stop."

"Not to speak a word to Mary, after all these awful years!" he exclaimed.

"I shall see her presently," replied Ellen, becoming a shade paler beneath his sharp reproof. "I did not wish to mar the first moments of their meeting by my interference. They will not miss me, and I thought I would come and meet you."

John did not thank her for the trouble she had taken—did not think of thanking her. It did not strike him that she had left her work and come out of her way to spare him the sting of the first shock—to prepare him for the fact of Alec Williamson's return. He did not even know that he needed preparation, but Ellen Morison did. She had watched him closely of late days, and knew how weak he was, for all his air of self-command.

"The happiness has come at last. I am glad," he said, in a low tone, as Ellen turned and walked back with him in the direction of home.

"Very glad?" she asked, curiously.

"Yes," he answered, with more firmness than she had anticipated. "It settles the matter, you see."

"I think I see more than this," she said.

"What's that?" he asked, with eagerness.

"That you are the most unselfish man whom I have ever met."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"The one unselfish man, I might have said," she added, dryly; "and yet there was a time when Mary and I looked down upon you, pitied you, and patronized you."

"And if it had not been for your pity and your patronage—"

"Pray don't be grateful to us any more," said Ellen, shivering. "The times are changed, and we have changed places with them. Here is home."

"It will be like home at last, I hope," said John.

"Amen. I hope so," answered Ellen Morison.

They walked into the shop together. John hung back, and took a long deep breath as they approached the parlor, but Ellen Morison went in with unflinching gaze and a step that faltered not. She had the courage to face the old love boldly, but then the love had died out, and was past any chance of renewal.

She went toward her sister, sitting by her lover's side, with her hand in his, and said,

"Mary."

The younger sister was weak still; she rose trembling in every limb, and put her wasted arms round Ellen's neck.

"At last," she whispered; then both women were unnerved for a little while.

Ellen was the first to recover. She turned to John and confronted him with Alec, a broad-chested, tawny-haired, and handsome Scotchman, forever on the smile—as well he might be, at that early stage of his return.

"This is the best friend we have ever had in our lives," said Ellen. "Your best friend too, Alec, for it was his sovereigns that saved you."

"Sir, I thank ye," said Alec, in a broad accent, as he rose and crushed our hero's fingers somewhat remorselessly in his own. "I am proud to make yeer acquaintance; a freend of my Mary's is a freend of mine for life, Sir—for life."

"You are very good," said John, when he had got his hand out of the vise.

"You will be glad to hear, John," said Mary, "that Alec has seen some of his relations, and he is likely to obtain a situation almost at once."

"Yes, I am glad of that," echoed John.

"In a wholesale warehouse—somewhere. Then we shall begin saving for you," cried Mary, "putting by something every week—"

"If ever so little," added Alec, cautiously.

"—To pay off the debt we owe you."

"You need not trouble about that—for a year or two," answered John.

"Sit ye down, mon, sit ye down; ye hae been a guid freend to us," cried Alec, heartily. And John sat down for a few minutes, and stared at the fire, and thought himself very much in the way of all this happiness, which had come in a great rush to Gibbon Street at last.

He was uncomfortably conscious, too, that Ellen Morison watched him more furtively than he watched the lovers, and he resented this in his heart.

He did not like to meet her eyes—to see in them a concern for him, a fear lest he should break down and make a scene there, as if he were not above that kind of thing, and strong as a lion! He had accomplished his task, and every one was content, and it would soon be time for him to leave these lovers to themselves, although it was difficult to quit them in the face of their united protestations for him to remain. Presently they seemed to forget him more, and to talk in a lower tone of the past and the future; and, without much respect for the "proprieties," Alec put his arm round Mary's waist and drew her close to his side, while the fair young head drooped trustfully and affectionately upon the shoulder of her lover. Now and then Alec addressed the company generally, talked a little of India, a great deal of his chances in the world, and a great deal more about himself, allowing his listeners to see, if they cared to see, that he had a very strong idea in his own mind that he was a clever sort of fellow. He was hardly the hero whom John had pictured as claiming Mary Morison—he was too big and boisterous and beefy—but he loved the little dress-maker very much, and Mary was very fond of him, and they would live happily forever afterward.

John Dax was interested in his conversation.

"I should think soldiering not a bad idea for a man, take it all together," he observed.

"Ay, for a mon who goes awa' to serve his countrie honestly," cried Alec, "for there's glory in it. But it's vera ill soldierin' with a trouble or a wrang at the heart."

"Ay, but for a fellow with no ties, no wrongs, no troubles, nothing to keep him at a trade, and only an empty top room that he can call his home, I should say the army was the thing, now."

"Why, *you* are not thinking of the army, John?" said Mary, with a merry little laugh at the idea.

"Why should I?" rejoined John, laughing too for a minute, and while Mary was looking at him; and then the subject was dismissed, and the lovers began to whisper together again.

John Dax was sure that he must be considerably in the way; he was quite sure of it when Alec and Mary forgot him altogether, and Alec's big red whisker, the left one, was crushed against the cheek of his betrothed, and Alec looked down into her eyes, and once kissed her unblushingly before company. There was no particular etiquette about this kind of thing in Gibbon Street, and John was not shocked at the demonstration. He was only certain that it would be perfectly advisable to get away from it all, and when a chance customer took Ellen into the shop, he seized the opportunity of the door being ajar to walk softly from the parlor too. He was right. Alec and Mary did not know that he was gone, that he was passing cautiously, almost on tiptoe, across the shop toward the fresh air beyond. He looked at Ellen, and nodded a good-night, and from her post behind the counter she said,

"Wait an instant, John."

He waited at her request till the customer was served, standing at the door and looking dreamily down the ill-lighted street. Ellen Morison startled him at last by her hand upon his shoulder.

"Have you bidden them good-by?" she asked.

"No, no; they were busy—"

"Busy?"

"That is, they were very happy sweethearting," he said, "and it was a pity to disturb them."

"But you are going away for a long while?"

"How do you know?" asked John, surprised at this exhibition of clear-sightedness.

"I read it in your face to-night. Is it not true?"

"Well, yes; for—"

"For what?"

"For it's no use coming to trouble either of you again. I—I sha'n't want to come now."

"They will be glad to see you at the wedding."

"Oh no," cried John; "no, thank you!"

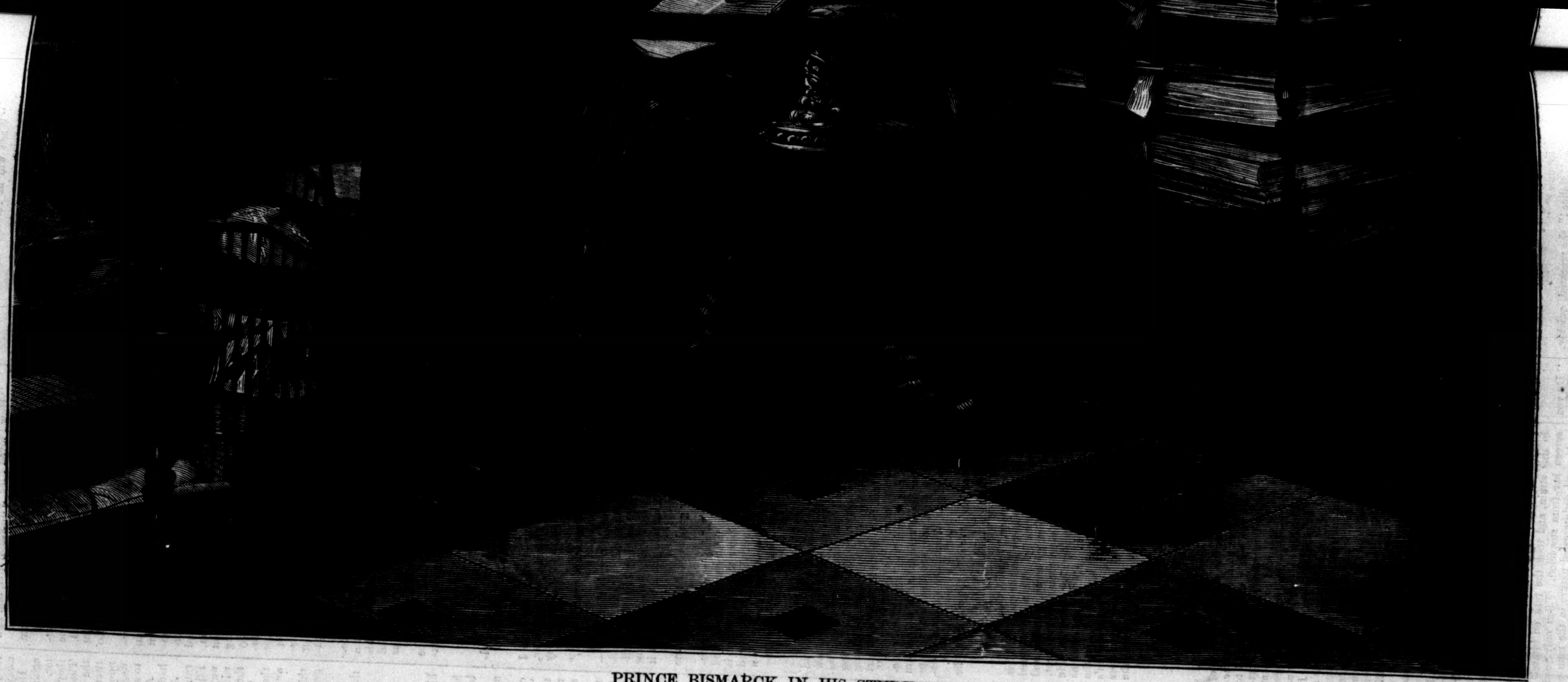
"You are her friend and mine, and we are short of friends. Mary will go soon to her new home, and I shall be very lonely here, if even *you* will not look in to say good-evening sometimes."

Her voice faltered, but he did not perceive it. If she were making love to him—and these young dress-makers are astonishingly forward at times—he never knew it, never took the hint conveyed by Ellen's manner, never thought it possible to be loved even by a good-looking girl a little older than himself. He had sketched forth his future, too, and he went away that night in search of it.

He bade Ellen good-by; he desired her to remember him kindly, most kindly, to Mary and to Alec. He promised to write some day even, so that they might know where to send the money to him when they wanted: and then Ellen Morison watched him out of her sight into the night mists that were thick in Gibbon Street, and through which the lonely man was never seen returning to a woman still more lonely than himself.

John Dax enlisted for a soldier, and died of fever on the Gold Coast before he had ever smelt powder. Even in the pursuit of glory it was his ill fortune to meet Yellow Jack instead. He was one of the many who are forever out of luck's way.

THE END.



PRINCE BISMARCK IN HIS STUDY.

GERMAN AMERICANS, THE JESUITS, AND BISMARCK.

The question to be determined by our German citizens in the approaching elections must be whether they will vote with ultramontanes and Confederates for men necessarily the enemies of Germany and German unity, of American and European progress, or whether they will form a part of that general movement of our people which, under the name of Republicanism, represents the growth among us of education, humanity, and equal rights. The intolerant and aggressive spirit of the ultramontanes has awakened in Europe and America a contest in which a doctrinal and religious element necessarily enters. In Europe an irreconcilable Pope insists upon forcing his own infallible rule upon Germany, and Prince **Bismarck** is bravely contending for the mental and spiritual freedom of the nation against the chains of Rome. The Pope and the Jesuits have succeeded in filling the German Empire with sectarian discord almost as bitter as in the days of **Ferdinand** II. and **Tilly**. The war with which they menace Germany is one that may prove, should Germans be disunited, scarcely less fatal, and perhaps no less prolonged, than was that in which **Wallenstein** and **Gustavus** conquered and perished. France stands ready to strike at the first symptom of German disunion. And it must be the aim of patriotic Germans in every land to at least give no aid and comfort to that fierce ultramontane faction which now environs and threatens the peace of their native or ancestral home. How, then, they can vote with that Democratic party among us which is made up in great part of ultramontanes of intense bigotry, the most abject slaves of those Jesuits and that Pope against whom Prince **Bismarck** is bravely contending, it is difficult to conceive. Every German vote, indeed, given for an ultramontane Democrat, a servant of Tammany Hall, is a parricidal blow aimed at the peace of his Father-land; and at every Democratic victory in America, France and the Pope rejoice, and Berlin and Frankfort are less at their ease.

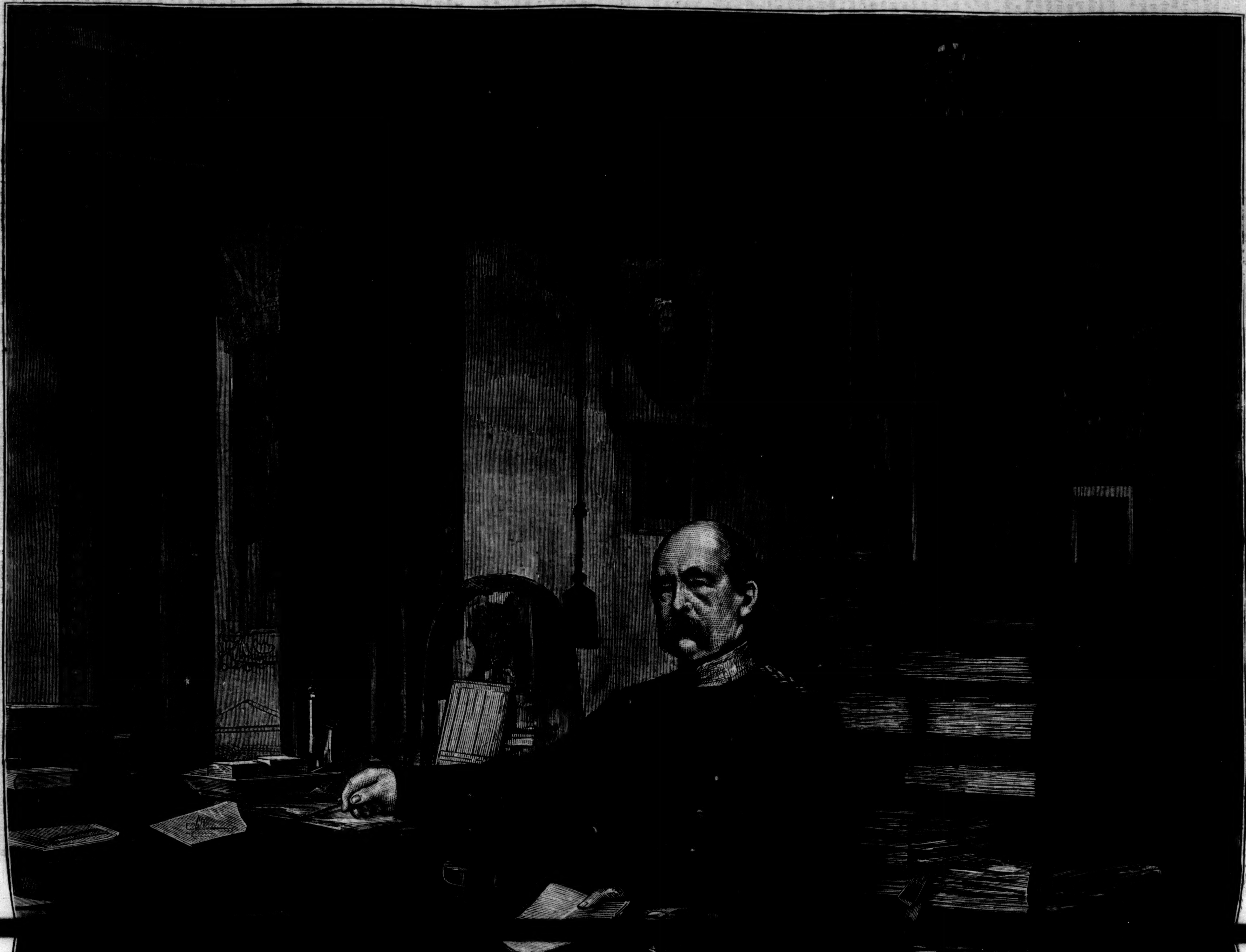
For between the Republican party and the German rulers and people there has always existed a friendly sympathy. It began in the generous aid which the German cities gave to union and the republic when, almost alone of all Europe, Berlin and Frankfort proved their confidence in the cause of freedom by furnishing the money that sustained the armies of **Lincoln** and **Grant**, and with the active patriotism with which our German population at home ever remained true to the cause of universal freedom. When, at the close of the rebellion, the Union or Republican party continued in power, Germany and America still remained constant friends. North Germany won the preponderance over the South; Sadowa relieved the confederation from the rivalry of two opposing ideas; the rigid ultramontanism of Austria was cast off forever; and again between the Republican party and the progressive rule of Prince **Bismarck** the same friendly feeling prevailed that had ever linked the two nations together. At length, in the hot summer of 1870, when the torrid air of our American cities seemed borrowed from the molten skies of a tropical clime, when New York had sunk down abjectly under the ultramontane and Democratic rule of **Connolly** and **Sweeny**, **Hoffman** and **Tweed**, when the Ku-Klux were busy in our Southern districts, and a scarcely less turbulent faction threatened the ruin of freedom at the North, a telegram flashed over the ocean that France had made war upon Germany, and was about to march its powerful armies across the Rhine. I think in every German household within the borders of the Union that terrible news brought out a sudden flame of patriotic ardor. To shield the Rhine and the Rhine provinces from the mad ambition, the pride, and cruelty of France was the chief aim of all faithful Germans in that moment of danger. St. Louis echoed to Chicago, and Chicago to New York, the readiness of every German-American to throw himself before the invading host, and guard with his life the hamlets and cities of his Father-land. During those few weeks of terrible suspense, between the 18th of July and the 20th of August, immense meetings of our German population were held in all parts of the country; money was raised to aid the sick, wounded, or suffering; all lawful means were used to send assistance to Germany; and the Germans in their moment of anxiety and fear appealed for sympathy and help to the whole people of the Union. "**Napoleon**," said their Chicago address (August 19), "interdicted the sale of American bonds at the Paris Bourse during your rebellion. **Napoleon** was the friend of the insurgents; Germany was your firm defender. German mechanics sent their earnings across the ocean to be invested in your securities, and your German citizens have been patriots from Bull Run to Appomattox."

To this appeal the whole Republican party replied by an enthusiastic assent; its press, its orators, and every friend of progress and of knowledge upheld the cause of Germany. And that great majority of the nation which had carried the elections of 1868 against slavery and reaction, and which was to carry them again in 1872 against ultramontanism and revolution, hailed with joy the fall of the French Empire and the ruin of its aggressive designs. Europe and America profited from the victories of Germany, and all men felt safer when Napoleonism was dead. There was one exception. From the 18th of July to the fall of Paris the pro-slavery Democratic and ultramontane faction among us longed and labored for the discomfiture of Germany. They made no secret of their hopes. The New York *World* was at that time the representative of Tammany Hall and the ultramontane faction; it defended the doctrine of infallibility in a careful editorial (August 1), and ridiculed "the ill-informed scribes of the Protestant press" who had ventured to handle the august theme. From the first scent of war and carnage it was full of the praises of the Emperor **Napoleon**. On the 20th of July it defended his Mexican expedition against hostile criticism; it warned our people against being "dragooned" by Republican leaders "into becoming German citizens." It could not bear to hear Mr. **Roscoe Conkling**'s bold appeals for Germany, nor the universal cry of the Republican press against Napoleonic ideas. On July 28 the *World* printed an exultant telegram, "The Emperor expects to celebrate the fête **Napoléon** at Berlin;" and nearly at the same moment our whole Irish Catholic population was excited by a mysterious impulse. A letter from Ireland in the *World* suggests that England must join Prussia, and that then a French fleet and army would invade the Green Isle with irresistible force. The Head Centre of the Fenian organization called a general meeting of all its adherents; Democrats and ultramontanes seemed ready to fight on the side of France; and the resolute hand of **Grant** and his administration alone stilled the elements of disorder and checked the zeal of Tammany Hall.

But it soon became plain that the fête **Napoléon** was not to be celebrated at Berlin. The war cloud rolled away from the banks of the Rhine, and France bled for the wickedness of its rulers. Yet our ultramontane press and politicians were still unwilling to admit that their fond vision of Germany's disasters was dissipated, and their imperial **Cæsar** forever fallen. The *World* reflects the varying feelings of the hour. After Wörth and Forbach, it still thinks the French reverses only temporary. August 9, it asserts that all France will rise and overwhelm the Prussians. August 10, it believes that **Bazaine** is about to crush his foes. August 17, the glorious news has come at last, and the *World* relates that the Prussians had been defeated by **Bazaine** in a great battle, and that forty thousand Prussian dead lay on the fatal field; that the hero of the Mexican invasion would show no hesitation in reaping the fruits of his victory. But later news reversed the ultramontane triumph; and when it was known that the Emperor **William** and his armies were chasing the French back to Chalons, the Democratic editor suggests that the modern **Attila** and his Huns may find their **Aetius** on that memorable plain. Soon, however, the last ultramontane vision faded. **Napoleon** was a prisoner, Paris was menaced, and, almost in a passion of despair, the *World*, casting aside its adoration of an emperor and a despot, declares that the success of the Germans will be "the eclipse of freedom," and that "no true Democrat could rejoice at the prospect of a German invasion of France." After the fall of the French power, peace came to Europe and America. England was saved from the menace of a Gallic or Fenian assault; our Democratic leaders have been less eager for a foreign war; Ireland can no longer hope for a French fleet and army to fight its battles; Canada has forgotten its Fenian panics; and the victory of Germany and Prince **Bismarck** has served to restrain the wild passions of the ultramontanes in both hemispheres.

Our Democratic politicians, who had hoped to revel in the spectacle of a fallen and bleeding Germany, have never since been able to shake the constant amity between the German Empire and the republic, except when, for a moment, Mr. **Carl Schurz** excited a sudden doubt, became the hero of the ultramontanes, and was rebuked by the whole liberal press of his Father-land as the disturber of its peace; and it is safe to say that Germany and German unity have no firmer friends to-day than the great body of our intelligent citizens who form the Republican party, and no more dangerous enemies than those ultramontane and pro-slavery Democrats who have seized upon a period of Republican inaction to force themselves into power. So closely united, indeed, have become the pro-slavery Democracy and the ultramontanes that they can no longer be distinguished from each other, and both seem engaged in a common crusade against education, good order, and progress. The Democratic leaders who voted against the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law and the abolition of slavery in 1864, and who in 1874 had not laid aside their sympathy for the "lost cause," are the necessary allies of the priests and princes who in Europe are laboring to destroy Germany, and in America to corrupt the foundations of freedom; for their whole political strength lies in the ultramontane vote. Tammany Hall, which governs the Democratic party, owes its recent victory wholly to the bitterest enemies of Germany; and except for the active, united, and unfailing support of the ultramontane priests and people, it is certain that not many pro-slavery Democrats would be found in either branch of Congress. Nor is it to be doubted that the *Catholic Telegraph*, the Jesuit journal of Cincinnati, is right when it assures us (March 11) that nine-tenths of the members of its persuasion vote with the Democracy, and that the Democratic party must consult their wishes or perish. The Democracy has, in fact, assumed the chains of the Jesuits and the Pope.

It is with these that Prince **Bismarck** is brave-



ly struggling. The recent encyclical of the Pope has declared with singular emphasis that the legislation of Prussia is invalid and opposed to the Divine constitution of the Church. He preaches rebellion and inculcates disobedience; and all Germany is filled with indignation and excitement at the persistent malice of the enraged priest. But can any German in America lend aid to the cause of France and Rome? Are the ultramontanes on this side of the ocean any different from those of Italy or France? Will Germans listen to their ultramontane tempters, and intrust with political power the enemies of their Father-land? If they cast their vote for the party which the *Catholic Telegraph* professes to rule, and which is inflamed with papal bigotry, what excuse can they make to their countrymen at home for their disloyalty to their country's cause? In the Republican party alone is Germany safe. To continue it in power is the interest of every patriotic German. The German among us who gives his vote for ultramontanism and Democracy offends the instincts of patriotism, humanity, and progress, and lends effective aid to that ultramontane faction in Europe which is vainly striving to overwhelm Prince Bismarck and Germany in a common ruin.

Eugene Lawrence.

ARABESQUES.

When all the panes are hung with frost,
Wild wizard-work of silver lace,
I wheel my sofa on the rug
Before the ancient chimney-place;
And, basking in the fire-light's glow,
I hear the hemlock chirp and sing,
As if within its ruddy core
It held the happy heart of Spring.
Ferdousi never sang like that,
Nor he of Shiraz, I'll be sworn.
I lounge, and blow white rings of smoke,
And watch them, lightly upward borne.

The curling wreaths like turbans seem
Of silent slaves that come and go,
Or viziers, packed with craft and crime,
Whom I behead from time to time,
With pipe-stem, at a single blow.

And now and then a fragrant cloud
Takes gracious shape, at my desire,
And at my side my lady stands,
Unwinds her veil with snowy hands—
A shadowy shape, a breath of fire!

O love! if you were only here
Beside me in this mellow light,
Though all the bitter winds should blow,
And all the ways be choked with snow,
'Twould be a true Arabian night!

T. B. Aldrich.

THE IDOL OF HER HEART.

I.

"A light at last!" exclaimed, fervently, the young American who accompanied a Russian embassador in this his third stage from Uralsk, in the route of a long journey southward. "Heaven be praised, we are nearing a human habitation!"

Through the driving sleet his keen eye had discovered the twinkling of a lamp-light. They had crossed thirty miles of wintry desert without encountering a sign of life. The good news failed, however, to arouse his semi-dormant companion. The younger man turned toward him a glance of compassion. Thrown from the sledge some miles back on the day's journey, the poor embassador had sustained an injury so painful that only for the last hour, and under the influence of opiates, he had ceased from moaning.

The isolated dwelling which the travelers approached, and where the sledge conveying their luggage had arrived, proved to be the house of a Russian peasant. No sooner had they passed its wind-guarded passages, carefully lined with felt, and entered from the intense cold of the outdoor air, into the no less intense heat of the stove-warmed interior, than the embassador fainted.

The energies of the American were devoted immediately to the care of his friend. He had already ordered his servant to bring the medicine chest from the sledge, and he speedily selected and applied, with expressions of tender solicitude, the proper stimulants, lotions, and bandages. He had the satisfaction to see the embassador slowly revive, and to convince himself that the injury was nothing more serious than a sprained ankle, which delay in affording remedy, and untoward exposure, had rendered acutely painful.

Not only a handsome youth, tall, straight, broad-shouldered, and sunnily blonde, was the young American, Hartley Berne, but a dashing, spirited, merry-voiced individual, who, as quickly as he found his patient recovering, broke forth into pleasant sallies, which had the effect to make the embassador's face relax from its dreary askew, and to draw his big features into an approach to a laugh.

It was nearly midnight when the doctoring was finished. Tea had been steeped in the great Russian tea-urn, and had been swallowed in prodigious quantities. The embassador, muttering many but not various adjectives of depreciation, had been hoisted upon the bed of state—the sole family bed, be it whispered—namely, the fur-spread roof of the huge stove, where gradually his groans, in the soothing spell of a skillfully concocted draught, subsided into satisfied grunts. Then Hartley Berne had leisure to study critically his surroundings.

He was not long in comprehending the contents of the cramped chamber, nearly one-fourth of whose space was occupied by the mud-furnace, whose flattened dome was now peacefully graced by his comrade. A table of rude deal, occupying the centre, supported his own contemplative elbows. A bench, rough like the table, surrounded the room. On the dingy wall, between two double-glazed windows, hung a gilded picture of Saint Nicholas. In one corner a pitcher of water, sacred to scanty ablution, was suspended from the ceiling, and a shelf opposite upheld a crude black stone, resembling a miscarved Otaheitan idol.

On the bench under the gilded saint were seated the women who had watched the stranger's medicinal performance with such admiring fascination. They spoke Russian, and as our traveler was no novice in that language, and had patiently acquainted himself with such phrases of gallantry as usually give pleasure, he lost no time in rendering himself agreeable.

He did this the more readily since, although one of the women was middle-aged and ugly, the other was young and pretty. Yes, in spite of her coarse garb, the critic pronounced her decidedly, and even—after he had paid a few compliments, and had seen her dark eyes glisten, her cheeks flush like the ripened peach, and across her glancing white teeth her red lips redden—"confoundedly," pretty.

They talked of many things, and it was not until the host had returned from his care of the beasts that conversation turned upon the one *objet de virtu*, and the guest inquired the significance of the black stone.

"It is Reva's *god*," said the elder woman, with an inimical leer and a vicious emphasis.

"It is a curiosity," said the host, glancing angrily at his wife, "and my daughter here has a right to it, since she picked it up herself last winter, in the snow."

"It *came* to me," said the girl, sullenly.

The guest arose and examined the stone. "A meteorite," he pronounced it, "and an interesting specimen."

When the host hinted, or growled rather, that it was bed-time, all retired to the state bed excepting Reva. Modesty, perhaps, but more probably the fact that the embassador took much room, caused her to determine to keep watch that night. In the dim fire-light, the young American, through his half-closed eyelids, saw her without surprise, for his vanity had perceived the attraction he possessed, draw near and nearer him, until at last she was quietly seated by his side.

So the night waned. When indisputable slumber was attested by a trio of snoring, Reva whispered to the stranger, who rested but did not sleep,

"Wise youth, for you converse, I think, with the stars, and unravel secrets, have you the willingness to help a poor girl much troubled?"

The flashing eyes of the wild beauty, her confiding air, and the evident confessional nature of her appeal aroused the youth's cautiousness as sensibly as his cordiality.

"If I can help you," he said, not altogether sympathetically, "with advice, perhaps I shall not be unwilling."

"Counsel me, then, kind stranger, how I shall find way to the land native to my fancy. I am not a Russian. So is my father, so likewise is my step-mother, but not I. I am a Kirghis. My mother was a slave, taken in skirmish: a slave, also a wife. She died in giving me life. I would gladly, now that I comprehend all things, exchange gifts with her. Every day I feel that I would prefer to be far distant, for my step-mother is not beloved by me, and—shall I tell you?—I am betrothed to a ruffian utterly abhorrent. Do not now give me answer," she added, as he bestirred himself responsively, "but sleep, my stranger, for you are wearied of your journeys; and while you sleep I will hold your hand and conduct you through the dream-world. Then the door will appear to you that shall open to give freedom to a girl most unhappy, who would escape."

"I must go on if I die," said the embassador, in a really irascible tone. "We must have horses if they are nothing more than skeletons. We must have a driver."

"If he is a death's-head," said Berne. "I agree with you; we shall go on, my friend, this hour."

At night-fall, after a day intolerable to the embassador, a day made tolerable to his companion by the novel beauty, offspring of mixed races, and the simple but charming coquetry of the dark-eyed daughter of the desert, the travelers resumed their journey.

All night they glided along over the shining compact snow, the embassador peacefully somnolent, and his companion moodily wakeful, vexed by a pair of black eyes, "burning yet tender." He gave himself for a night to the delicious torment of one regretful whim: on the morrow he would arouse himself from such weakness.

Near daybreak horsemen approached. Swift riders they were, seven in number, who seemed making speed with express intent to waylay the embassador, or to pounce with plunderous force upon the loaded sledge of tempting luggage that preceded him.

The aspect of these horsemen as they rushed into clear view betokened hostility. The embassador, frightened from his lethargy, and his companion, nervously alert, prepared to defend themselves. As their horses were seized, and their driver, a gigantic fellow, wrapped to his chin in sheep-skins, was unceremoniously dragged down from his seat, Berne sprang from the sledge, and with his forefinger upon the trigger of his revolver, made parley.

"It is not you that we want," cried one of the ruffians, who had immediately dismounted; "it is your driver."

"Our driver?" said the relieved embassador. "You are welcome to him, friend, so long as you furnish us with another. Let one of your number take his place; and make off with him in welcome. I shall be glad to be rid of the lazy dog, who has slept at his post egregiously, or we would have been by this time breakfasting in Kazala."

But Berne said, "Give us a reason for this capture. I will not consent to the kidnaping of an honest man."

"You can not keep him, for he is ours already," cried the chief of the band, scornfully.

"We will prove that," answered Berne, in defiance. "The man has been employed by us; he is under our protection. Touch him if you dare."

At this moment the driver, with a flourish of bravado, began to cast aside his sheep-skins, tossed on the snow one after another his fleecy coverings, and stood before them a slender girl, her head raised dauntless, her dark eyes flashing, her lip curled with scorn.

The young American turned pale in his astonishment. The exclamation died upon his lips, "Reva!"

"She is mine already," shouted the ruffian, whom the girl in her confession had named "utterly abhorrent." He had snatched from the hand of Berne in that one moment of surprise and self-forgetfulness the loaded pistol, and flung it on the snow. Reva sprang forward and seized the weapon.

"I will defend her with my life," cried Berne, as the stalwart barbarian closed with him in combat.

But Reva cried, "Hold! He has said the word truly. I belong to him. Take off thy clutch, Mersniche, from the stranger. I am thine when my father gives me. I am thine so soon as I perform the task given by my father, and bring these strangers to Kazala."

After some further parley the sledge moved onward, driven by one of the horsemen. Reva's abhorrent ruffian formed with two faithful followers a dreary escort. Reva, loosely robed in her furs, crouched on the sledge floor, leaning her head on "her stranger's" knee, and weeping bitterly. In this style the embassador's *cortége* entered Kazala.

II.

A night scene in a tent pitched in the spring-touched Asiatic wilderness a hundred miles southward of Kazala; a young man in the uniform of an American officer busy with papers at his improvised desk; a Kirghis boy noiselessly removing the remnants of a repast; the young officer, Hartley Berne; the Kirghis slave, his page, his servant, his adorer, Reva.

At Kazala Berne had parted with the embassador to continue his journey to Khiva under native escort alone. It was not until two days' journey had parted him from the Russian peasant that the young American discovered that the boyish attendant furnished by his Kirghis guide was no other than the wild beauty of the desert, who, with the art of a Parisian diplomatist, had accomplished her will, and who, with the impetuosity of Juliet, passionately worshiped him.

It can not be denied that there was something in Hartley Berne's nature that responded to the isolation and idolatry of this desert romance. He was not insensible to the charms of the beautiful and adoring Reva. Nevertheless her presence troubled him. His manner toward her became daily more cold; his brow darkened when she approached. And as she had seen the meteor cool and darken, she saw now this idol of her heart resolve from a star into a stone.

This evening, as Berne bent studiously over his papers, Reva, her task done, threw herself upon a pallet in the tent's shadowy recess, and pretended to sleep. But from time to time she cast at the American stealthy glances. He, too, occasionally glanced covertly at her. Whenever he did so he sighed. At last, sure that she slept, he drew from his bosom a gold-incased miniature. He set it up before him, and as he continued writing he gazed upon it at the close of each paragraph or page, every time seeming to draw from it something calming, encouraging, inspiring.

At midnight an unusual sound without his tent arrested his attention. He sprang up suddenly, and parting the curtains of his tent, went out upon the moon-lit moor.

"At last! at last!" said, or rather hissed, between her closed teeth, in Russian patois, the disguised page Reva, as, with the coiling silentness of a serpent, she drew herself from the shadowy pallet to the lighted desk—"at last!"

She held in her hands the miniature. She turned toward herself the gilded disk, but she could not interpret the engraved inscription, "In amore: Gertrude Atherton." She interpreted, however, with the quickness of jealousy, the significance of the portrait.

That night Hartley Berne dreamed of Gertrude Atherton. When morning came his garment was not dusted, his spurs were not brightened, his repast was not spread. His little valet, his slave, his inamorata, had fled. He saw her no more. Once, indeed, farther on his journey, deeper in the south, he spent one night in the picturesque tent of a Righis prince, and fancied, as he lay half sleeping, fanned by salubrious odors and soothed by the dulcet tinkling of a guitar, that in one of the glancing forms of two young maidens called sisters he recognized his vanished Reva.

Two years after Hartley Berne's adventurous Asiatic pilgrimage, when his bride, Gertrude Atherton, asked—as what woman would not?—whether, in all his wanderings, in heart and thought he had been true to her, he answered, with love's enthusiasm, "Yes."

And if Hartley Berne could have seen at that moment his once passionate little idolator, Reva, he would hardly have known her in the sweet satisfied wife of the Righis chieftain, sharing with him the simple happy days, moving from point to point along the river-kissed wilderness, in his free nomadic life.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The death of Sir Charles Lyell is one of the most serious losses which have occurred for some time in the ranks of men of science, his name being almost synonymous with the history of modern geology, of which his works have been the chief exponents. With him, indeed, passes away almost the last of the veterans to whom that branch of science is so much indebted, Professor Sedgwick, Sir Roderick Murchison, Professor Phillips, Elie de Beaumont, D'Omalius d'Halloy, and Dr. Ferdinand Stoliczka being men of eminence the memory of whose loss is more or less recent.

Sir Charles Lyell was born on the 14th of November, 1797, and died February 22, 1875. He graduated at Oxford in 1821, and while there probably received his taste for geological research from the lectures of Dr. Buckland. Soon after the opening of King's College, in London, he was appointed lecturer in geology, and conceiving the plans of his *Principles of Geology*, published the first volume in 1830, the second in 1832, and the third in 1833. Five editions of the work were issued under the title of *Principles of Geology*, after which he reproduced certain portions in an amplified form as the *Elements of Geology*. In 1851 the *Elements* were recast, with the title of *Manual of Elementary Geology*, and twenty years afterward it was reproduced as *The Student's Manual of Geology*, one of the best text-books extant.

Not inferior in scientific value and its influence upon the progress of thought and research to his geological publications was Sir Charles Lyell's treatise on the *Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man*, the first edition of which appeared in 1863, and of which several successive editions were published. The list of his independent writings is swelled by his notes of travel in North America, first in the years 1841–42, and second in 1845–46.

The pages of the publications of societies and scientific journals bear additional evidence to Sir Charles Lyell's industry as a writer and investigator, the catalogue of the Royal Society presenting a very voluminous list. He received many honors in recognition of his merits, having been made the president and medalist of numerous societies.

Sir Charles Lyell was married in 1832 to the eldest daughter of Mr. Leonard Horner, a distinguished geologist, and for more than forty years she was his constant companion in all his travels, aiding him in all his labors. Her death took place not long since.

Professor Marsh, in the appendix to the *American Journal of Science*, presents a fourth notice of new tertiary mammals, among the most interesting of which are *Lemuravus distans* and *Laopithecus robustus*, two new genera and species of quadrumana. These were obtained on a recent expedition of the author to the Bad Lands of Nebraska. The last-mentioned, a species of monkey, is represented by a single lower jaw, of about the size of that of a coati mundi.

Under the name of *Diceratherium* Mr. Marsh has described a distinct species of rhinoceros, provided with horns, the first of this character hitherto described in America. Here the horns were placed transversely, as in modern ruminants, and the remains indicate an animal of about two-thirds the size of the Indian rhinoceros. Two other species of the genus, of less size, were also indicated.

The total number of new species of extinct mammals amounts to twelve, and of genera to eight.

Muhry, in a paper on the origin of ocean currents, states that a difference of temperature in the equatorial and polar regions of the ocean is not sufficiently powerful alone to bring about the great hydrodynamic effect attributed to it, viz., the existing phenomena of latitudinal circulation. This latter is largely a result of the rotation of the earth, although the thermal circulation is frequently of great importance. He finds that the latitudinal oceanic circulation is to be considered as a duplicate one, that is, resulting from two causes working in the same direction, the one being the general diminution of gravitation toward the equator, and the other the general elevation of temperature, with its consequent expansion of the sea-water, each circulation existing by itself, independently of the others. The difference of density due to a difference in the saltness of water, according to Muhry, has no influence in the formation of currents.

The Executive Committee of the United States Centennial Commission has concluded to change the dates of opening and closing the Exposition of 1876 from April 19 and October 19 to May 10 and November 10. This has been done at the desire of foreign Commissions, and with a view of insuring fine weather for the opening, as well as of utilizing the delightful autumn of the United States.

A catalogue of the flora of Nebraska, by Professor Samuel Aughey, has been published by the University of Nebraska, with special reference to making exchanges of specimens. The general arrangement corresponds to that of Professor Gray, in his botanical works, and includes 2034 species as having been actually observed. Professor Aughey remarks that many of the native species along the eastern border of the State are rapidly disappearing, and others taking their place. Thus eight years ago the "silver-weed," *Potentilla anserina*, was common along the Missouri from Omaha to Dakota City, but is now rarely met with. He thinks, therefore, that the present condition of the flora of Nebraska should be put on record, so as to mark with greater accuracy the changes that may take place from year to year.

In the spring of 1874 Messrs. William Welch, A. Palmer, and R. R. Hoy were appointed by the Governor of Wisconsin Fish Commissioners of the State, in compliance with an act of the Legislature. Their first report has now been published, in which they give an account of their labors during the year. In consequence of the late period at which their appointment was made, and the limited amount of money at their disposal, but little was accomplished; but they express the hope that, with proper support from the Legislature, they will be able to do a great deal in increasing the supply of fish food. They also strongly urge the propriety of establishing a State hatching house, in which eggs of the white-fish and the various species of salmon can be developed and distributed to suitable waters throughout the State. They point to the great number of lakes in Wisconsin, there being no less than 225, covering 388 square miles, and occurring in sixteen counties alone. These are at present comparatively unproductive, but are capable of sustaining a very large number of fish.

The present programme of the British arctic expedition proposes that the two vessels shall leave Portsmouth about the latter end of May, and taking the usual route to Baffin's Bay, endeavor to pass up Smith's Sound. In 81° or 82° north latitude they will probably separate, and while one will explore the northern coast of Greenland, the other will push still further northward.

According to the *Geographical Magazine*, some favorable information has been obtained in the course of a journey made in 1872 and 1873 from the head-quarters of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey, by Major Montgomerie. This officer crossed the Brahmapootra to the north of Shrgatze, and along the river Sheang-Chu to Lake Tengri-Nor, which proved to be about fifty miles in length and between sixteen and twenty-five in breadth. Its north point is in 31° north latitude, and its south point about 30½°. It lies between 30° and 31° west longitude.

Dr. John E. Gray, who has occupied the position of keeper of the British Zoological Museum for fifty years, has resigned his place, and been succeeded by Dr. Albert Günther.

A communication from Professor Wyville Thomson to the Royal Society, of the 4th of February, gives an account of the movements of the *Challenger* after leaving Australia. The vessel left Port Nicholson on the 7th of July, and proceeded under sail along the east coast of New Zealand, and thence to the Kermadec Islands. It reached Tongataboo on the 19th, from which the vessel proceeded to the Feejees, where considerable time was spent in detailed explorations.

Leaving Kandaru on the 10th of August, the vessel proceeded to Api, one of the New Hebrides, and thence to Raine Island, near the entrance to Torres Straits, a distance of about 1400 miles. After this they went to the Arú, by way of Port Albany and Cape York, and then to the Ké group, and on to Amboyna, where they arrived on the 4th of October.

From Amboyna they proceeded to Ternate, and thence across the Molucca Passage into the Celebes Sea, and by way of the Sulu Sea to Manilla, where they arrived on the 4th of November. The vessel proceeded to Hong-Kong, from which point the collections made were forwarded to England.

Among the more important zoological results of this cruise was the capture of a living pearly nautilus, which was kept for some time for the purpose of studying its movements and attitudes.

After leaving the Ké Islands some fine specimens of undescribed species of pentacrinus were collected. Deep-sea temperature observations were taken, with the results that have already been communicated to our readers.

A work of much value to the naturalist has just been published by Dr. Hayden as one of the series of reports of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories. It is entitled *Birds of the Northwest: a Hand-Book of the Ornithology of the Region drained by the Missouri River and its Tributaries.* By Elliott Coues. It constitutes a volume of 800 pages, in which nearly all the species of North American birds are mentioned, with a very copious synonymy, and frequently with detailed descriptions of form and color.

An important feature in the volume consists in its information in regard to habits of the species, which includes much not previously published. No American work on ornithology is so complete as this new work of Dr. Coues in the way of synonymy, every possible reference having been introduced and appropriately classed. An exhaustive index of fifty pages gives the reference to every genus and species (with both scientific and English names) mentioned in the work.

The Transactions of the Kansas Academy of Sciences for 1874 have just been published in a pamphlet of thirty-four pages, showing a commendable degree of activity for one of the youngest members of the learned bodies of the United States. This academy was a co-ordinate branch of the State Board of Agriculture in 1873, and its reports have since then been published by the State. The claim is made in the report of the society that most of its members have contributed something to the interest of science during the year. Professor Mudge is a collaborator of Professor Marsh in collecting fossil vertebrates; Professor Carruth has increased the list of Kansas plants; Professor Snow has continued his observations on the birds of Kansas; and Mr. A. E. Popenoe presents a list of the coleoptera of the State.

Among the papers published in this volume of Transactions are "Suggestions of the True Theory of Numbers," by Professor F. W. Bardwell; a "Meteorological Summary for 1874," by Professor F. H. Snow; a "Catalogue of the Plants of Kansas," by Professor Carruth; on the "Pleiocene Tertiary of Western Kansas," by Professor Mudge; and on the "Salting Enterprises in regard to Tin in the United States," by Professor William K. Kedzie, etc.

We find in Petermann's *Mittheilungen* notices of the death of several persons interested in geographical science which had not previously come to our attention. The first of these is the Abbé Du Bourbourg, whose name is well known to those engaged in the study of the archæology of the New World. He was born in 1814, at Bourbourg, in France, and died January 8, 1875, at Nice. In 1845 he came to North America, and resided for a time in Boston and Quebec. From 1846 to 1848 he traveled through the United States, and in 1850 went to Mexico, where he devoted himself to the investigation of Mexican history and philology. In 1854 he proceeded to Nicaragua, in 1855 to San Salvador, and after a number of sojourns in Northeastern South America he returned to North America, visited the ruins of Copan, and made a large collection of manuscripts. Among his publications was *The History of the Civilization of the Ancient Mexicans and Central Americans* (during the times anterior to Christopher Columbus), in four volumes, and subsequently a collection of documents in the native languages relating to the history and philology of the ancient Mexicans, in three volumes. He revisited Mexico in 1864 as a member of the Scientific Commission of Mexico, and published a large number of memoirs illustrating his discoveries. His last publication of any magnitude was that upon the manuscript of Troano, having especial reference to the Maya tongue.

Carl Ludwig Adami, celebrated in Germany as a manufacturer of globes, died at Potsdam on the 23d of January, 1875.

Herman Guthe, an author of several excellent geographical text-books, died in Munich on the 29th of January, 1875, in the fiftieth year of his age.

Rev. Francis Mason, the well-known missionary to Burmah, died at Rangoon on the 3d of March, 1875, at the age of seventy-five. He was born at York, in England, but in 1818 he came to the United States, and after studying for the Baptist ministry, he proceeded, in 1830, to Maulmain, where he conducted the mission station at Tavoy from 1831 to 1853. After a short visit to America he returned to India, where he died. He published several valuable works on India, among them one entitled *Tenasserim; or, Notes on the Flora, Fauna, Minerals, and Nations of British Burmah and Pegu*, and another on *Burmah, its People and Natural Productions.* He also made several translations of the Bible into the dialect of the Karenes, and published other works on the same language.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL.

Sunday,	4.	First Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	11.	Second Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	18.	Third Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	25.	St. Mark, the Evangelist; Fourth Sunday after Easter.

MAY.

Saturday,	1.	SS. Philip and James.
Sunday,	2.	Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday,	6.	Ascension-day.
Sunday,	9.	Sunday after Ascension.
Sunday,	16.	Whit-Sunday.
Sunday,	23.	Trinity-Sunday.
Sunday,	30.	First Sunday after Trinity.

A Spanish bishop, it is reported, has addressed a letter to King Alfonso, in which he asks for the restoration of "Catholic unity in Spain, in conformity with the traditions of the monarchy." He claims that religious toleration has led to nothing but immorality and the profanation of things sacred. "The cemeteries were violated, and heretics and dissenters buried in them. In his own diocese a child had actually been baptized in the name of Satan." The position of the new government, which is so far one of toleration, is furiously assailed by the bishops and clergy. It would not be surprising if Alfonso and his advisers were to yield to the clamor.

The Standing Committees of twenty-six dioceses of the Protestant Episcopal Church have refused to confirm the election of Dr. De Koven as Bishop of Illinois; the Standing Committees of nine dioceses have voted in his favor. He has therefore been rejected, the total number of dioceses being forty-five. The friends of Dr. De Koven announce that his doctrinal opinions will be given to the public, in order to remove the general misapprehension of their character. After that it is their purpose to present his name again as a candidate to the Convention of the diocese of Illinois. Dr. Jaggar has received the vote of the Standing Committees of twenty-four dioceses for his confirmation as Bishop of Southern Ohio; eleven Standing Committees have voted against him. His election is therefore confirmed. The Venerable Archdeacon Fuller has been elected Bishop of the diocese of Niagara, in the Dominion of Canada. The vote in his favor was—clergy, 32; laity, 33.

Mr. Gladstone has given permission for the publication of his pamphlet on *Vaticanism* in Welsh.

We have already described in this Intelligence the effect of the Pope's encyclical to the bishops of Prussia as exhibited through the German press. The bishops have not dared to publish it to their flocks. The ultramontane papers have tried their very best to explain away its meaning. The state's reply is a new bill brought before the Landtag, wholly disendowing the Roman Catholic Church. The first paragraph enacts that from the date of the act all state grants to the bishops, clergy, and diocesan institutions in the Roman Catholic dioceses shall cease. Only the clergy belonging to state institutions are exempted from the application of this law. The second paragraph declares that the grants thus withdrawn shall be restored as soon as the bishop or administrator of any diocese shall in writing acknowledge the laws of the state. Another paragraph provides that separate clergymen, who shall declare in writing that they will obey the laws, may receive state pay. Another paragraph deposes from office any ecclesiastic who withdraws his acknowledgment of obligation to obey the state, or tacitly disobeys the law. Any priest who performs an official act after his deposition will be punished by fines.

This bill effectually abolishes the Papal Concordat with Prussia, which received the royal assent on August 23, 1821, and bound the state to pay a subsidy to the Roman Catholic clergy. The connection between Prussia and the Roman court has been completely sundered, and the war will be carried to the last extremity. It is also proposed to subject the intercourse of the Prussian bishops with Rome to the control of the state, and to require all documents to and from the Papal court to pass through the government's foreign office. Another contemplated measure is the re-establishment of the royal *placet* with regard to episcopal and papal publications that relate to civil affairs. And finally it is possible that all ecclesiastics and lay officers of the state may be called on to declare their acceptance or rejection of the late encyclical. Ten Catholic deputies of the Landtag have already signed a protest against it, and others are expected to follow their example.

The inaugural services of Emanuel Church, Ottawa, Canada, were conducted by Bishop Cheney on March 14 in the presence of a very large congregation.

The Dean of Cork, Dr. Gregg, has been elected Bishop of Ossory by the Irish episcopal bench. At the meeting of the combined Synods there was a failure to elect from the lack of a two-thirds vote for either candidate. The choice between the two therefore devolved upon the bishops.

The conflict between the Roman Catholics and the Old Catholics in Berne has led to an unusual occurrence. The former having been turned out-of-doors by the latter, have applied for the joint use of the Protestant church of Berne, and the application has been granted. Pastor Haller, the president of the Parochial Council, publishes in relation to this grant a statement which is full of good sense and Christian charity. He says: "The Council was and is still astonished that the Roman Catholics, whose Church formerly showed such intolerance toward us, should now come and ask for the conjoint use of one of our places of worship. The Council, moreover, imagines that in a Catholic town reciprocity of this kind would scarcely be granted. But these and other objections have been put aside by this consideration, namely, that it is not for us to judge of the beliefs of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, that to the intolerance of their Church we should oppose the tolerance of our own, and that as members of our commune they have a right to our consideration."

The question is frequently asked, What is the amount paid yearly for the support of the Christian ministry in the United States? but no accurate answer has yet been given. A writer in the *Standard*, of Cincinnati, estimates it at $49,000,000, which he distributes thus:

The Methodist Episcopal Church pays	$10,000,000
The Baptist Churches at least	8,000,000
The Congregational, say	3,000,000
The Presbyterians	5,000,000
The Episcopal	3,000,000
All other evangelical Churches	9,000,000
The Unitarians and Universalists	3,000,000
The Roman Catholics	8,000,000
Total	$49,000,000

This aggregate is not unreasonable, but its distribution may be questioned. Taking the average amount paid for ministerial support at seven dollars per church member, we should have an aggregate, for 2,500,000 Methodists, of $17,500,000; for 2,000,000 Baptists, of $14,000,000; for 700,000 Presbyterians, $5,000,000, nearly; for 500,000 Lutherans, $3,500,000; for 350,000 Congregationalists, $2,450,000; for 290,000 Protestant Episcopalians, $2,030,000—making a total of $44,000,000, leaving Roman Catholics and several Protestant bodies unestimated. It would not be difficult to obtain exact figures if some attention were given by the Churches to their collection.

Earl Russell has made a contribution to the high theological debate now going on in England. It is a copy of the oath taken by every bishop of the Established Church upon the assumption of office. This oath of course distinctly declares the royal supremacy, but its contrast with the ultramontane ideas is very sharp. It is as follows:

> "I, ——, Doctor in Divinity, now elected, confirmed, and consecrated Bishop of ——, do hereby declare that your Majesty is the only supreme governor of this your realm in spiritual and ecclesiastical things as well as in temporal, and that no foreign prelate or potentate has any jurisdiction within this realm; and I acknowledge that I hold the said bishopric, as well the spiritualities as the temporalities thereof, only of your Majesty. And for the same temporalities I do my homage presently to your Majesty. So help me God.
>
> "God save Queen Victoria."

Several years ago Mr. George H. Stuart, the eminent Philadelphia merchant and philanthropist, was expelled from the Reformed Presbyterian Church for the offense of using hymns in public worship instead of psalms. The Synod, after expelling Mr. Stuart, also cut off from fellowship the Presbyteries that disagreed with its action, and brought suits in the courts to obtain possession of the property of the churches thus excommunicated. The suits were referred to a Master in Chancery to ascertain the facts. He has given the following decision:

> "(1.) That in Pennsylvania the law 'requires an examination by the civil court of the ecclesiastical constitution, rules, and regulations of the party applying for relief.' (2.) That to obtain relief from the civil court, the ecclesiastical court must be able to show that it has acted up to its own laws and regulations. (3.) That the Reformed Presbyterian Synod, in this case, has not acted in accordance with its own constitution and laws, but in violation of them."

Of the ministers in connection with the Synod when Mr. Stuart was expelled, only thirteen, it is said, now remain. Over forty are now connected with other churches.

The Prussian government has avowed its favor for the bill of Herr Petri, a Liberal member of the Landtag, which is intended to secure the rights of Old Catholics to church property. It provides that the Old Catholics, when they reach a certain number in a parish, shall have a share in the use of the church, church furniture, and church funds, and that when they are a majority in a parish they shall have the control of this property.

May promises to be a busy time in all the Protestant churches of our country. On the 7th of that month the General Convention of Southern Baptists begins in Charleston, South Carolina; on the 11th the International Convention of Sunday-school Workers opens in Baltimore; on the 19th occurs the triennial session of the German Reformed Synod at Fort Wayne, Indiana; on the same day the General Conference of the Methodist (Protestant) Church meets at Princeton, Illinois; on the 20th the two Presbyterian General Assemblies convene, the Northern at Cleveland, Ohio, the Southern at St. Louis. The General Unions of the Baptists also hold their annual sessions usually during the third week of May, though as yet the exact date is not fixed; the place is Philadelphia. The General Synod of the Lutheran Church meets at Staunton, Virginia, on the 25th. In addition to these are the anniversaries usually held in Boston and New York.

A pastoral address to the clergy and laity of the Church of England has been issued by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and all of the bishops excepting those of Durham and Salisbury. After speaking of the increased activity manifested in the building of churches, and of the interest taken in religious education, the address takes up the "serious evils" which disturb the Church's peace. These are (1) the alienation between the clergy and the people caused by the introduction of novel practices and unauthorized customs, which have engendered distrust and apprehension; (2) the refusal of some of the clergy to obey legitimate authority; (3) the dissemination of doctrines contrary to the teachings of the Church, especially the principles inculcated in the manuals of devotion circulated among the young; (4) the growing tendency to give doctrinal significance to rites and ceremonies not necessarily involving it. In conclusion, the Church is exhorted to lay aside dissension and to cultivate charity and forbearance. Bishop Moberley, of the diocese of Salisbury, has published a letter containing his reasons for refusing to sign the pastoral. He thinks "it unlikely to do good, and not unlikely to do harm." The Dissenters criticise the address as being contradictory of the principles of the Public Worship Regulation Act. That act does impute a doctrinal significance to the rites and ceremonies forbidden.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A farmer was elected to a corporalship in a militia company. His wife, after discoursing with him for some time on the advantage which the family would derive from his exaltation, inquired, in a doubting tone, "Husband, will it be proper for us to let our children play with the neighbors' now?" One of the little urchins eagerly asked, "Are we not all corporals?" "Tut," said the mother; "hold your tongue; there is no one corporal but your father and myself."

A New Haven man confessed that he married his wife because she was a good carver. That's the kind of a help-meat every man wants.

Douglas Jerrold says that Eve ate the apple in order that she might dress. This is not improbable. But it does not appear that she dressed very extravagantly. That was left for her daughters.

It was Harness who said of the French that they did not know what they wanted, and would not rest till they got it. But might not this be said of *all* feminine peoples and people?

Tricks on the Dignified.—It is a sad sight to see a dignified gentleman go up to a counter on which there is a glass case to pay for something. He espies lying on it, as he fondly imagines, a fatherless ten-cent stamp. He drops his glove on the stamp, pays his bill, and picks up his glove, pinching that part under which the currency is lying. The glove comes up, but the stamp doesn't. He walks away hurriedly, and the emotions which stir his breast are probably those which "stir the heart of the nutmeg." When he gets outside of the shop he swears and stamps his heel, and looks discontented, and kicks at the boy who wants to know if he'll have "the fifth edition." It is cruel to play such tricks on the dignified. They don't like them.

A contemporary asks, "What are street lamps for?" The man who doesn't know what street lamps are for is hardly fit to sit in an editorial chair and mould public opinion. Street lamps, of course, are for weary young men to recline against at midnight or after, when they have lost their bearings or forgotten their way home.

Rather Mixed.—An Irish editor says that "a child was run over in the street by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed, with pantalets on, which never spoke afterward."

They have a new test for intoxication in Canada. When a man can pronounce "reciprocity" without tripping, he is written down sober; but "sip-em-prosumty" is a fatal pronunciation.

Reckless of orthography, an impassioned swain wrote, "Mary, I love the well." She replied that she was glad he didn't drink liquor.

"Hallo, stranger! you appear to be traveling?" "Yes, I always travel when I'm on a journey." "I think I have seen you somewhere?" "Very like. I've often been there." "Mightn't your name be Smith?" "Well, it might—if it wasn't something else." "Have you been long in these parts?" "Never longer than at present—five feet nine." "Do you calculate to remain here some time?" "Well, I guess I'll stay till I'm ready to leave."

"Papa, are you growing taller all the time?" "No, my child: why do you ask?" "'Cause the top of your head is poking up through your hair."

A Detroit gentleman, walking behind two school-children the other day, heard the boy inquire, "Will you be at the party to-night?" "I shall be there," answered the miss; "but I may as well tell you now that your love is hopeless. Mamma is determined, father is set, and it isn't right for me to encourage your attentions. I can be a sister to you, but nothing more. Therefore you needn't give me any more gum."

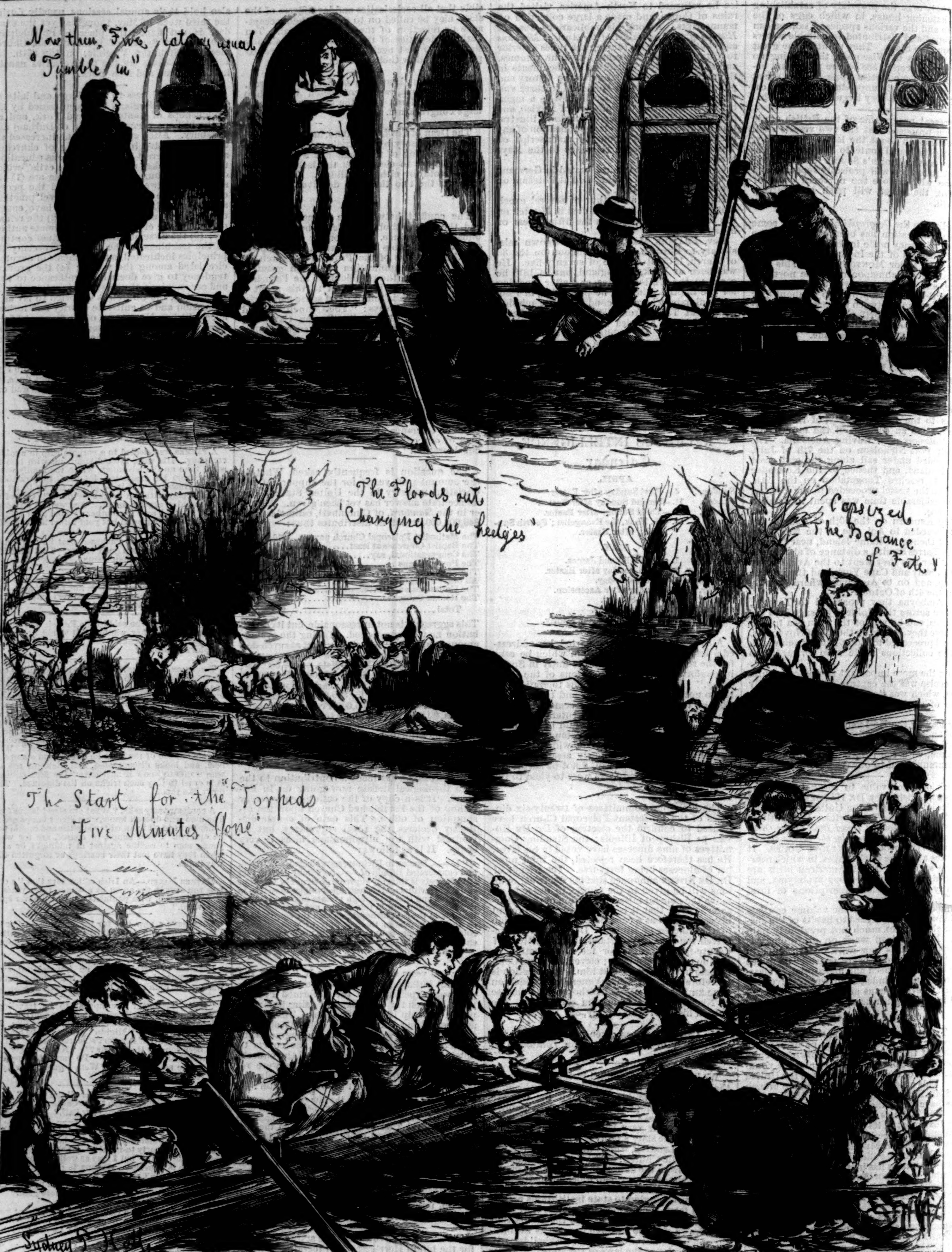
It is said that some time during the present year a party of one hundred Englishmen is coming over to this country on a grand buffalo hunt. 'Ist! 'Ush! 'Ark!—

"The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill."

"Will the boy who threw that pepper on the stove please come up here and get a present of a nice book?" said a Sunday-school superintendent in Iowa. But the boy never moved. He was a far-seeing boy.

A lady who had been teaching her little four-year-old the elements of arithmetic was astounded by his running in and propounding the following problem: "Mamma, if you had three butterflies, and each butterfly had a bug in his ear, how many butterflies would you have?" The mother is still at work on the problem.

A blacksmith, who fancied himself sick, would often tease a neighboring physician to give him relief. The physician knew that he was perfectly well, but being unwilling to offend him, told him he must be careful of his diet, and not eat any thing heavy or windy. The blacksmith went off satisfied; but on revolving in his own mind what kind of food was heavy or windy, returned to the doctor, who, having lost temper with his patient, said, "Don't you know what things are heavy and windy?" "No," said the blacksmith. "Why, then, I'll tell you," says the doctor: "your anvil is heavy, and your bellows are windy; don't eat either of these, and you will do well."


Now then, "Five," late as usual "Tumble in"
The Floods out 'Charging the hedges'
Capsized The Balance of Fate
The Start for the "Torpids" Five Minutes Gone
Sydney P. Hall

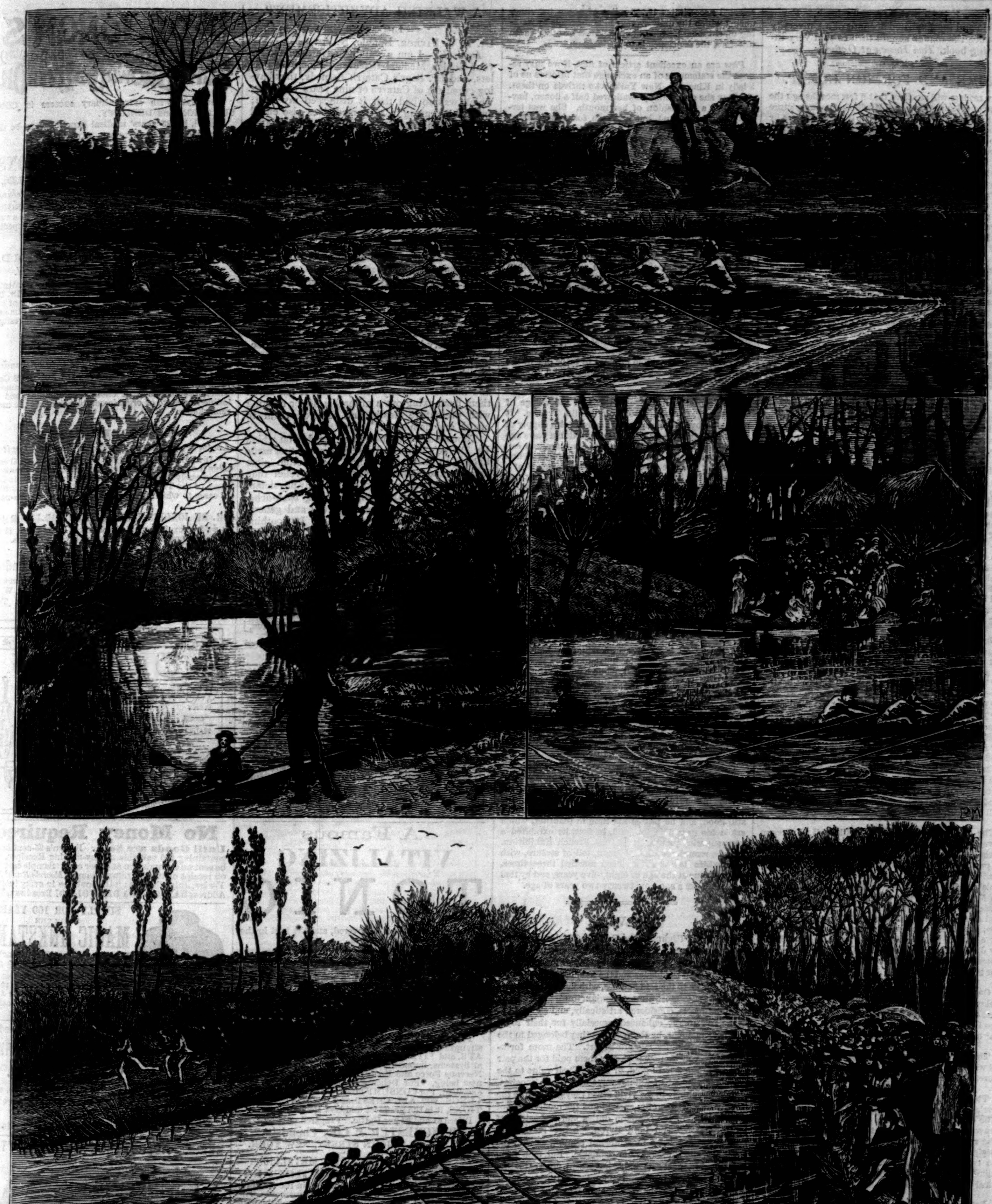
THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE—AQUATICS AT OXFORD.

THE GREAT ENGLISH BOAT-RACE.

The thirty-second race between the university boat crews of Oxford and Cambridge took place on the 20th of March over the usual course on the river Thames, from Putney to Mortlake, a distance of four miles and two furlongs, and, for the first time in six years, resulted in a victory for the Oxford boys. Had Cambridge proved victorious, each university would have won an equal number of races since the friendly contest began in 1829. As it is, Oxford now bbasts of seventeen victories to fifteen for Cambridge, which, after all, is a pretty even distribution of honors, and neither university has any cause to be ashamed of the record. The first race was won by Oxford, the four following by Cambridge. In the sixth Oxford was again victorious, to be beaten again by Cambridge three times in succession. From 1861 to 1870 Oxford won every race, but in the latter year Cambridge took the lead, and carried off the honors in five races.

The first race, alluded to above, was a very different affair from the recent contests. The Cambridge crew, as appears from a print of that time, rowed in a clinker-built gig not unlike a modern whale-boat, but heavier and longer, in which the crew seemed dwarfed to pigmies. It presents a wonderful contrast to the light and apparently fragile shells now used by racing crews all over the world. The transition between heavy and light craft, tub and outrigger, has of course been gradual, but the change in their crews has not been so apparent, and the university oar of the present time differs in very little from his predecessor of 1829, excepting, perhaps, that heavier crews have lately been the order of the day.

This year the weather, although rather cold, was quite favorable for the race, and an immense crowd of spectators gathered to witness it. During the forenoon all the avenues leading to the scene of the contest were choked with vehicles and pedestrians. Many persons of rank and distinction were present, including the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family. The race was fixed to take place with the last of the flood tide, and soon after one o'clock both crews took their places, with the betting at three to one on the Oxford boat. The start was a good one, Cambridge taking the lead with a stroke somewhat quicker than that of Oxford, which gave that crew the lead, which it held to the Crab-Tree—a distance of a mile and a quarter. The Oxford crew, increasing their stroke, gradually gained, so that just before reaching Hammersmith Bridge the two boats were even; and keeping up the stroke to the bridge—two miles from the start—Oxford was a length in front, which advantage was materially increased in Corney Reach by the bad steering of the Cambridge coxswain. At Barnes Bridge, a trifle over three miles and a half, the race was virtually over, with Oxford rowing strongly six lengths in front. Nor could Cambridge decrease the gap, but gradually losing heart and ground, was ten lengths behind when Oxford dashed past the judges' stand at Putney, amidst, as it may be readily



THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE—AQUATICS AT CAMBRIDGE.

imagined, the most enthusiastic applause of her admirers.

Our illustrations show some features and incidents of the training which the rival crews undergo preparatory to the grand race. The artist from whose sketches the engravings are made contributes the following description:

"The very thought of rowing in such weather as this makes one shudder, but to practice in it, to go in training for the inter-university race, and to 'go down' every day, 'whether the weather permits or not,' is tribulation which ought to have a great reward with glory. It may be all very well when you are at work, but to sit in the boat, a northeast wind cutting you in two, sleet blinding you, with nothing on but your jersey, waiting for 'Five,' who hesitates to break the comparatively warm cover of the 'varsity' barge, is the very acme of misery.

"Oxford this term is flooded into a waste of waters. The dry land of the towing-path does not appear. It is hard to see how any pleasure can be got out of such a state of things, but 'men' do do it. They row over the submerged meadows in 'tubs,' and charge the hedges, putting on fearful spurts, shipping oars, ducking down, and scrambling through somehow. This is sport to them, but pain and grief to the farmers and boat-builders. I remember one Hilary Term, when the floods were out, taking down two Cambridge men in our 'eight' *for a treat* (this was when Oxford won regularly). A strong side wind caught oars and boat, and blew us right over. 'Seven,' a Cambridge man, couldn't swim, nor could 'Five,' a heavy 'varsity' oar. They clung to opposite rowlocks of the boat, and so made a sort of seesaw, ducking one another alternately. The 'cox,' who had a heavy pea-jacket on, got entangled in the rudder lines besides; but all got out somehow. It is in this unhilarious Hilary Term that the recruits are seasoned in the 'torpids.' Oh, if their mothers could only see them down at the starting-place, sitting on their hands to keep them from being numbed with cold, 'peeling' in driving sleet, throwing sweaters on to the bank, weak with nervousness, blown into the bank, 'pushing off,' 'Two' and 'Four' pulling like 'mad,' passing up the rosin, the coxswain screaming, men on the bank, when the second gun fires, shouting, 'Five minutes are gone!'"

The upper sketch on our second page of illustrations represents coaching from the bank. The Cam is a very narrow stream. The man on horseback watches the crew very closely, and gives his directions as he rides along. Sketch No. 2 represents a place called "Robinson Crusoe," where canoes and small boats are taken; no "eights" go above this station. Sketch No. 3 shows a "bump" at a race, that is, where the bow of a boat touches the stern of the one ahead. The bumped boat draws to one side, and the victor takes its place. This sketch is taken near a place called "The Plough," the principal rendezvous of fashionable spectators. Sketch No. 4 is a view of "Long Reach." The men of the different colleges run on one bank of the river, keeping up with the several college boats, the outside spectators being on the opposite bank. For a graphic and most spirited account of a University boat-race the reader should turn to that very interesting book, *Tom Brown at Oxford.*

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Our readers will recollect that a few months ago the most conspicuous figure in Murillo's famous picture in the Cathedral of Seville was cut from the canvas by unknown hands, that the figure representing San Antonio was brought to this country, offered for sale at the gallery of Mr. Schaus, of this city, purchased by him, and through his instrumentality restored to the Spanish consul, who sent it back to Spain. This important fragment arrived at Seville the latter part of February. The box containing the San Antonio was carried to the cathedral under the direction of public and municipal guards, accompanied by an immense concourse of people and many high officials of the province, and artists who were to examine the mutilated picture and the part returned in order to testify that it was the same that had been abstracted. Only a limited number were admitted to the cathedral at first while the box was opened. The canvas had been cut on the upper and lateral parts so that its dimensions were reduced about three inches in height and five inches in width. The face of the saint had also suffered some disfigurements; but it is believed that in artistic hands it may be restored so that no defects will be noticeable. After an official report of the proceedings and the condition of the picture had been made, the picture of the saint was taken to its own chapel and placed first in its proper place to complete its identity, and afterward on the altar, so that every body might see it. Then the doors were thrown open, and the waiting and enthusiastic crowd rushed in to examine the great work of art. There was great satisfaction visible in the faces of the people, and many of them exhibited deep emotion at the sight of the picture.

The Boston School Board has under consideration two new rules, one of which raises the age of admission to primary schools to six years, the other reduces the hours of work in them to three each day, with a recess of thirty minutes from half past ten to eleven, so that the daily session will begin at nine and end at half past twelve o'clock. This is a sensible plan.

A block of granite taken near the lower glacier of the Aar, in Switzerland, where Professor Agassiz made explorations, is to serve as a monument at his grave. It has already arrived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and late in the spring will be placed in Mount Auburn Cemetery without material alteration, except the cutting of an inscription.

During the past winter no provision was made in Augusta, Maine, for lodging and feeding "tramps." Not long ago a vagabond applied at the police station for a sleeping-place.

"We only lodge prisoners," said the sergeant behind the desk.

"Prisoners?" repeated the applicant, meditatively.

"That's all," was the reply: "you have got to steal something, or assault somebody, or something of that kind."

"I've got to assault somebody, or something of that kind?" again repeated the vagabond, thoughtfully.

Then he reached across the desk with his right arm and knocked the sergeant off his stool, saying, as the officer got up with his hand to his eye, "Give me as good a bed as you kin, sergeant, 'cause I don't feel very well to-night."

The delightful climate and fertile soil of Oregon have begun to attract the attention of emigrants, especially farmers, to that distant State, and hundreds of persons are seeking trustworthy information in regard to the most desirable locations for settlements. This can be found in Mr. Nordhoff's excellent work on *Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands*, published by the Harpers, and in the compact and comprehensive *Sectional and County Map of Oregon*, containing the latest surveys, and accompanied by a general description of the State, just published by J. K. Gill & Co., Portland, Oregon. The map is beautifully engraved, and bound in a convenient form for travelers.

On the morning of March 22 the mercury fell to 14° below zero at Ithaca, New York. At Etna, eight miles east of Ithaca, it was 20° below. In many places along the Hudson River the thermometer ranged from 6° to 14° below zero on the same day.

The average temperature in New York city on March 22 was 19¾° above zero. The average temperature for corresponding date last year was 44¾°.

The "Harvard School of Geology" will open at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, on the first of next July. The classes, during a nine weeks' session, intend to travel from the first camp at Cumberland Gap through the region of the Upper Cumberland. The school is designed for teachers only, and the number is limited to twenty-five. There will be rough life and hard climbing, no doubt; but studying geology in this practical way must be as fascinating as it is unique.

Letters from Florida give the distressing information that the mosquitoes are mustering in large numbers for their usual summer campaign North.

We quote from a Milwaukee paper: "It is simply absurd to talk about a woman being qualified to fill every position in life that a man fills. For instance, what woman could lounge around the stove in a country grocery and lie about the number of fish she caught last summer?"

A census of all the children in the city between the ages of eight and fourteen is now being taken, under the provisions of the Compulsory Education Act. Blanks have been prepared, on which the names and ages will be recorded, and also whether they attend school, and if so, what school, or, if they work, at what business they are employed.

A curious tour is proposed by Mark Grayson, "author, actor, and pedestrian," for the purpose of testing his abilities as a "walkist." He is going around the world on foot, at least so much of the distance as it is possible to accomplish on foot. The programme is something as follows: He will start from the New York City Hall on Saturday, April 3, upon his long journey. The entire route covers a distance of 19,226 miles, and by the terms of the challenge and agreement 600 days are allowed in which to make it, the daily average being over thirty-two miles. The route selected necessitates 12,985 miles of ocean traveling, during which the daily average must be made by walking on shipboard. Should seasickness or other cause interfere, the deficiency is to made up on land.

Pins are an excellent article of diet, if we may regard the statements of an exchange that informs us of a lady in Kingston, New York, who thrives on them. One day she accidentally swallowed half a dozen, having made a pincushion of her mouth. She was terribly alarmed at first, but no harm followed; and so she occasionally swallowed more—whether accidentally or otherwise is not stated. It is said that when she took her first lunch of pins she was a fragile creature, in poor health, but now she is waxing healthy and fat. And the pins get the credit of it!

"Have the courage," says Sydney Smith, "to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of every thing."

Are the mountains sinking, or is the sea rising? In 1745 Quito, in South America, was found to be 9596 feet above the sea. Several times since then its height has been measured, and each time reported less than before. In 1870 it was stated to be 9356 feet above the sea—a difference of 240 feet. If these measurements were exact, it would seem to indicate that the Andes are sinking gradually.

An incorruptible juryman was recently found in San Francisco. During a criminal trial a person acting in the interest of the prisoner contrived to get near the jury-box, and made a bold attempt to bribe one of the inmates. He mistook his man, and found himself promptly arrested.

The deepest well in the world is in the village of Speremberg, twenty miles from Berlin, Prussia. It was bored by the German government for a supply of rock-salt. Operations were commenced five years ago by sinking a shaft sixteen feet in diameter, and salt was reached at the depth of 287 feet. In order to find how thick the salt was, boring was commenced at a diameter of thirteen inches, to a depth of 960 feet farther, always boring into rock-salt. Encouraged by this, a steam-engine was erected, and the boring continued by its help until the present time, when a total depth of 4194 feet has been attained, without having gone through the salt deposit, which is here at least 3907 feet thick, while it is not known how much thicker it may yet be found to be.

The Liverpool *Post* contains the following curious advertisement:

"If the lady who struck a gentleman on the head with her umbrella for tearing her dress in Bold Street on Wednesday last will send her address to A. L., Post-office, Carlisle, she will hear something that will surprise her!"

Kerosene oil is not yet understood, and probably ages will pass before it is understood—by *some* persons. An Indiana druggist, while handling some kerosene not long ago, spilled considerable on his clothes. Presently he opened the stove door to throw something into it, when his saturated pantaloons caught fire, and he was instantly wrapped in a sheet of flame. Fortunately some friends were present, and fortunately also there was a snow-bank out-of-doors. He was rolled in the snow, and thus his life was saved.

The *Court Journal* gives some items respecting Count de Waldeck, the Nestor of Paris, who was born in 1765, and is consequently about 110 years old. He resides in the Rue des Martyrs, in a pretty apartment, decorated with curiosities and old china. His sight is still good, and he passes his time in painting, which art is his great passion, and, in fact, he exhibited a very superior picture at the last French Exhibition. He is a remarkably fine old man, tall of stature, with long white hair. He has been married three times, the last time at the age of eighty-five years, and by that union he has a son now twenty-two years of age.

SILVER.

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, now possesses at Marlborough House a knife and fork made entirely of steel, but with a heavy mounting of chased gold between the blades and the handles, and superbly wrought, as to the said handles, with figures of Silenus and Diana (a most strange conjunction), the value of which objects, considered artistically, and as "bric-a-brac," is greatly enhanced, especially for their royal owner, no doubt, by the fact that they belonged to the Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart. The more fortunate Prince who now possesses them paid for the pair no less than £30 in gold, or $150. Their value to the pensive student of human ways and works consists, however, chiefly in the vivid sense they give one of the difference between the ancient and the modern way of looking upon the common duties and necessities of life. "Men," said Lord Byron, "being reasonable, must get drunk," a most absurd remark, as we need not say, and supremely unreasonable. But, man being reasonable, must eat; and, being decent, must eat rather with a knife and fork and spoon than with his fingers, notwithstanding the often-pleaded fact of the prior invention of his fingers. Is it a matter of indifference, then, with what knife and fork and spoon he eats? Our ancestors, with the Pretender and his superbly-wrought instruments, said it was not. Nine men in ten to-day say that it is, and are content to use, without knowing or caring what they use, any tool that may come to hand, for keeping their own life in their own bodies. Were our ancestors right, or are we?

Such merchants of use and beauty as Starr & Marcus, of John Street (up stairs), declare for our ancestors. They do not, indeed, undertake to reproduce the steel forks, the Diana, or the Silenus of "Prince Charlie." But they have bestowed so much thought and attention and taste upon the devising and making of the most characteristic, gracefully-balanced, and artistically-adorned instruments of this humble—but if one will only think, most interesting—class of graceful weapons, as to have succeeded in investing them with an unpretending but real claim upon our admiration. They have done this, of course, with reference to the daily demands of an ordinarily refined and educated household. But if you will but glance over their chased and gilded and carved work in silver, of a more costly kind, you will come to the conclusion that such artists would find no difficulty in making even a salt-spoon or an oyster-fork worth looking at and thinking about.—[*Com.*]

A WALKING ADVERTISEMENT.

Limestone Springs, S. C.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I am a walking advertisement for your Golden Medical Discovery, Purgative Pellets, and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, they having cured me of Catarrh of nine years' standing, which was so bad that it disfigured my nose; and, while curing it, your medicines also cured me of Asthma in its worst and most aggravated form. Before using your medicines I had become reduced in flesh from one hundred and fifty-five to one hundred and fifteen pounds, and I now weigh one hundred and sixty-two pounds, and am in better health than I have enjoyed for twenty years. Yours truly,

J. L. Lumsden.

The above is but a fair sample of hundreds of letters which are received by Dr. Pierce, and in the face of such evidence, who can longer doubt that the Doctor's medicines cure the worst cases of Chronic Catarrh?

THE GREAT FAVORITE WITH THE LADIES.

William Forsyth Bynum & Son, druggists, of Live Oak, Fla., write, Sept. 16th, 1874, as follows: Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.—Your Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets sell very largely and give complete satisfaction, as numbers of our customers and friends testify with pleasure. Your Favorite Prescription is indeed the great Favorite with the ladies, and numbers can say with joy that it has saved them from eking out a miserable life or meeting with premature death, and restored them to health and happiness.

Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was first made known to them. A single bottle often gives delicate and suffering women more relief than months of treatment from their family physician. In all those derangements causing back-ache, dragging down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from internal fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, and its strengthening effects tend to correct displacements of internal parts, the result of weakness of natural supports. It is sold by all druggists.

Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on "Diseases Peculiar to Women" will be sent to any address on receipt of two stamps. Address as above.—[*Com.*]

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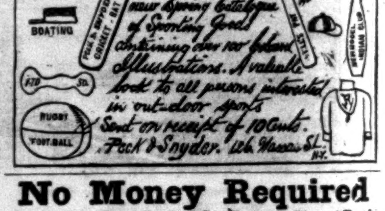

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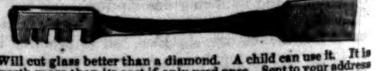

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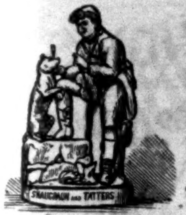

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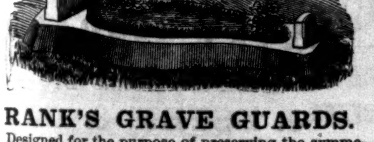

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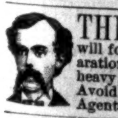

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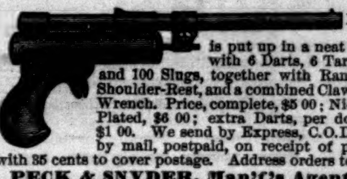

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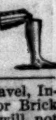

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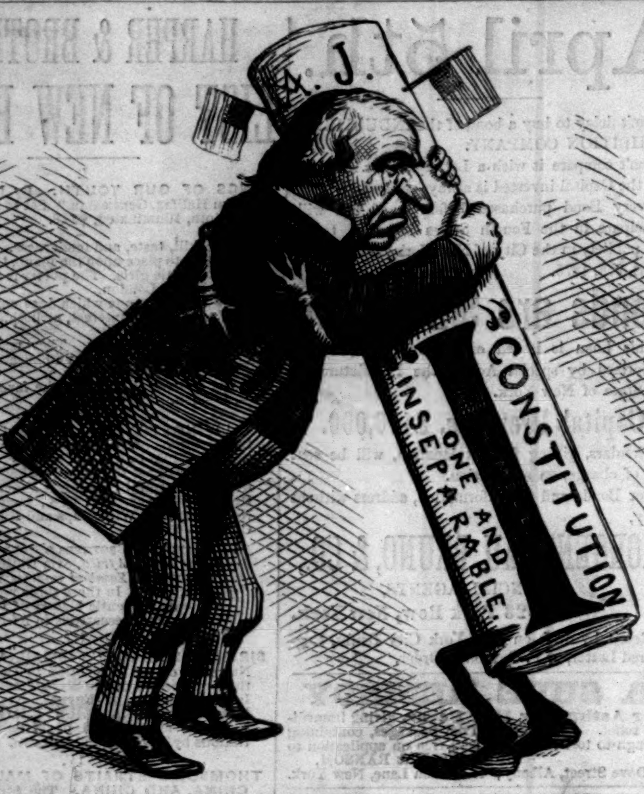

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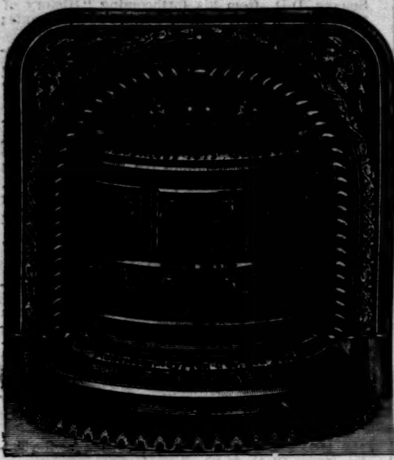

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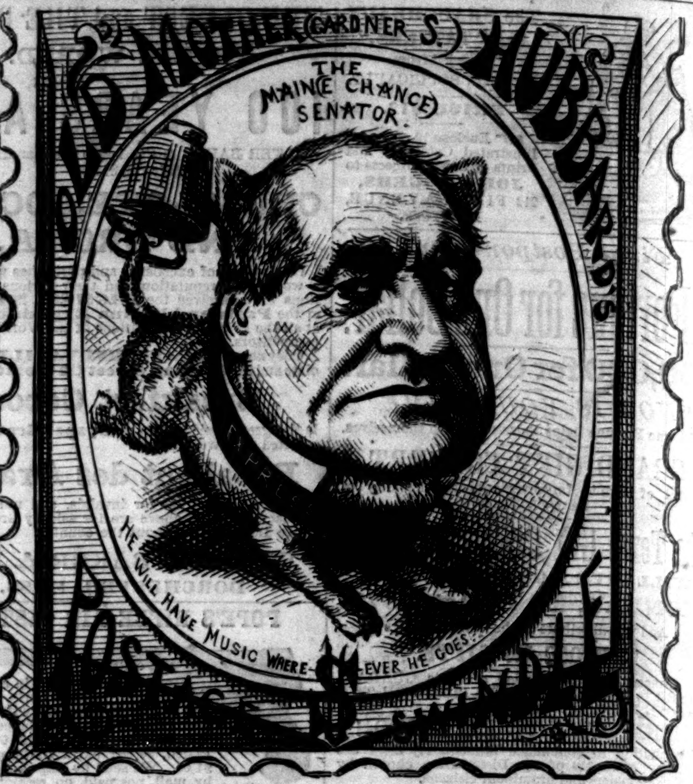
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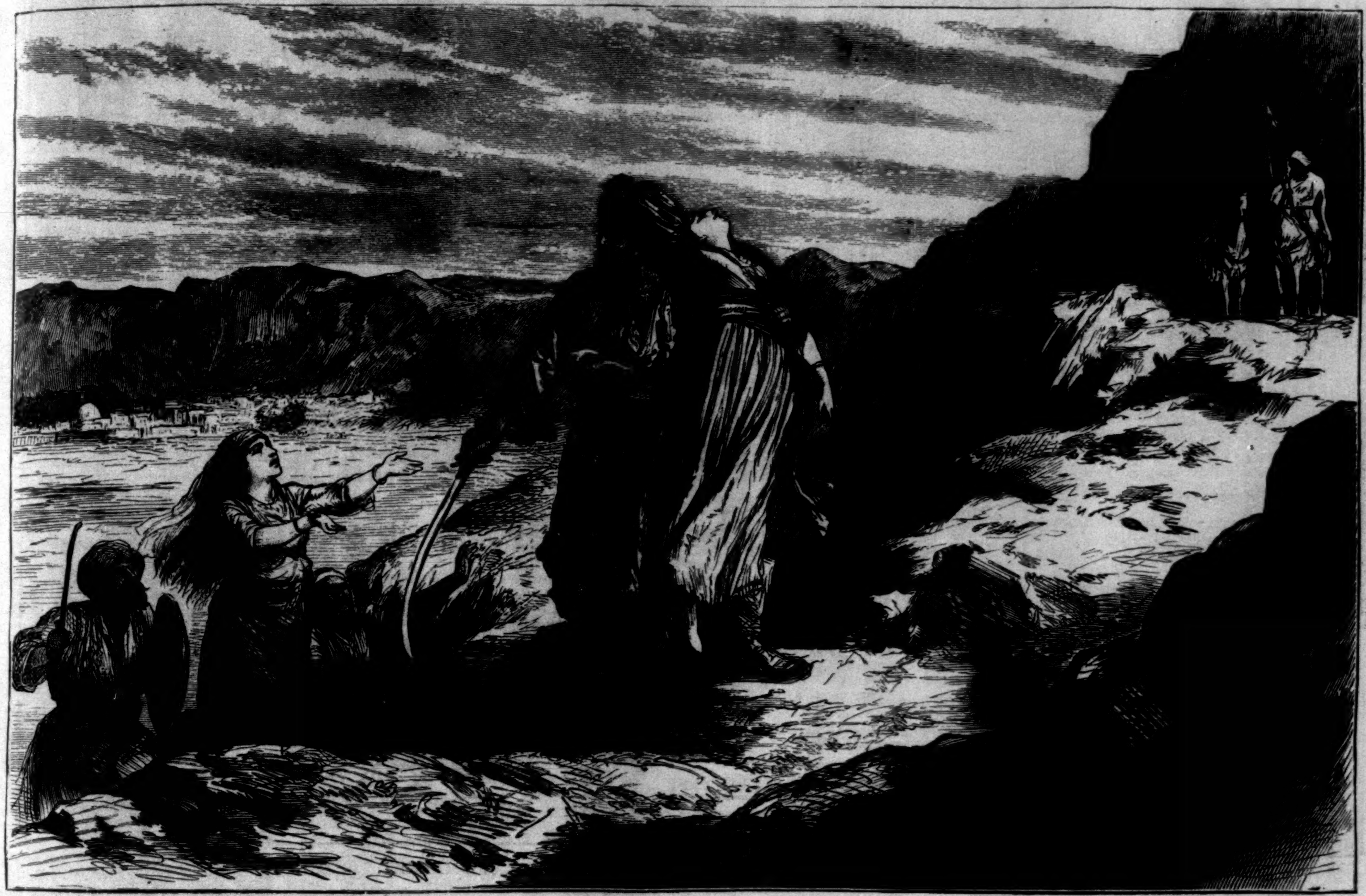
WHITE SLAVERY IN THE EAST.

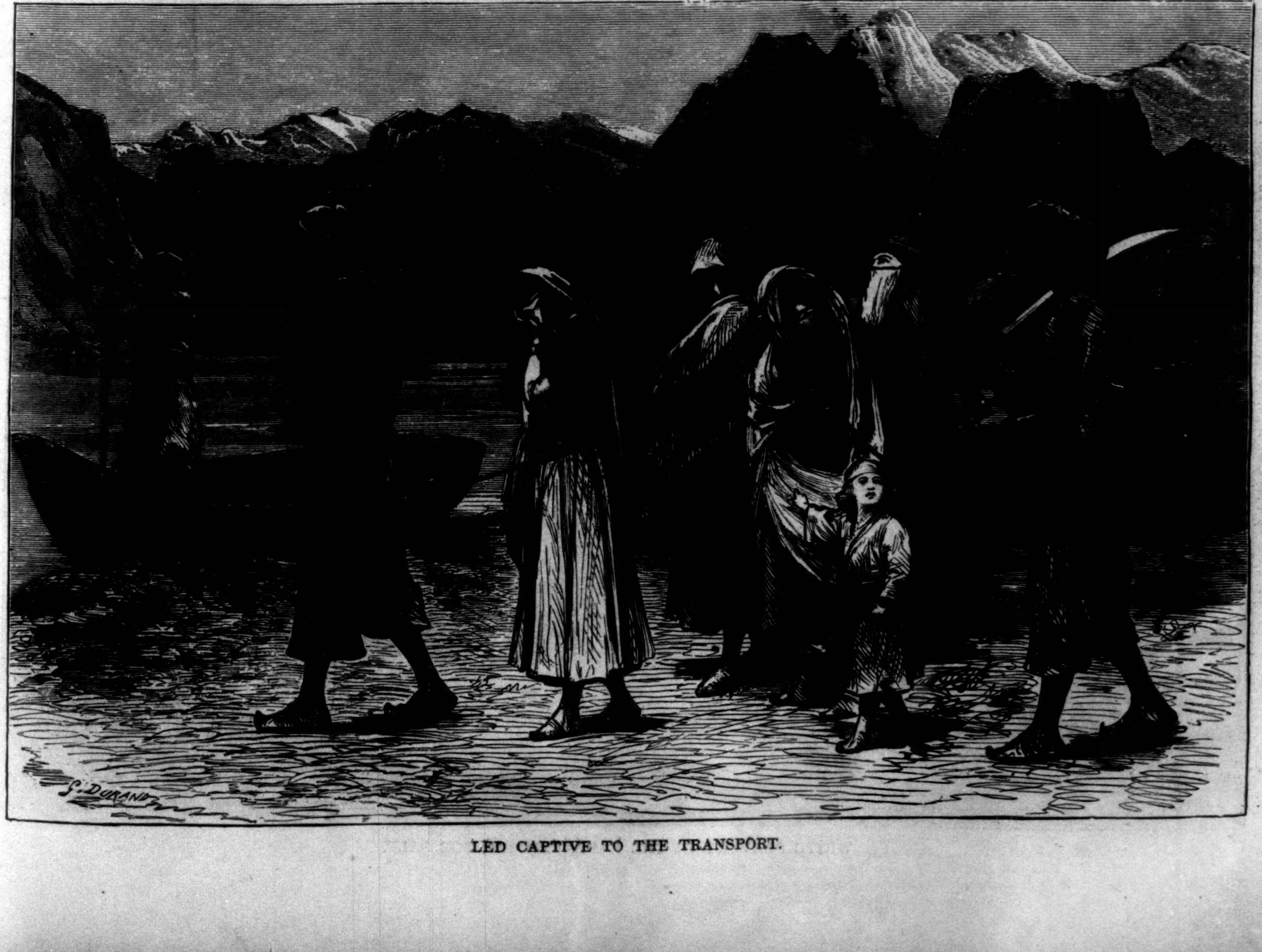


ABDUCTION OF A WHITE GIRL BY SLAVE-HUNTERS.

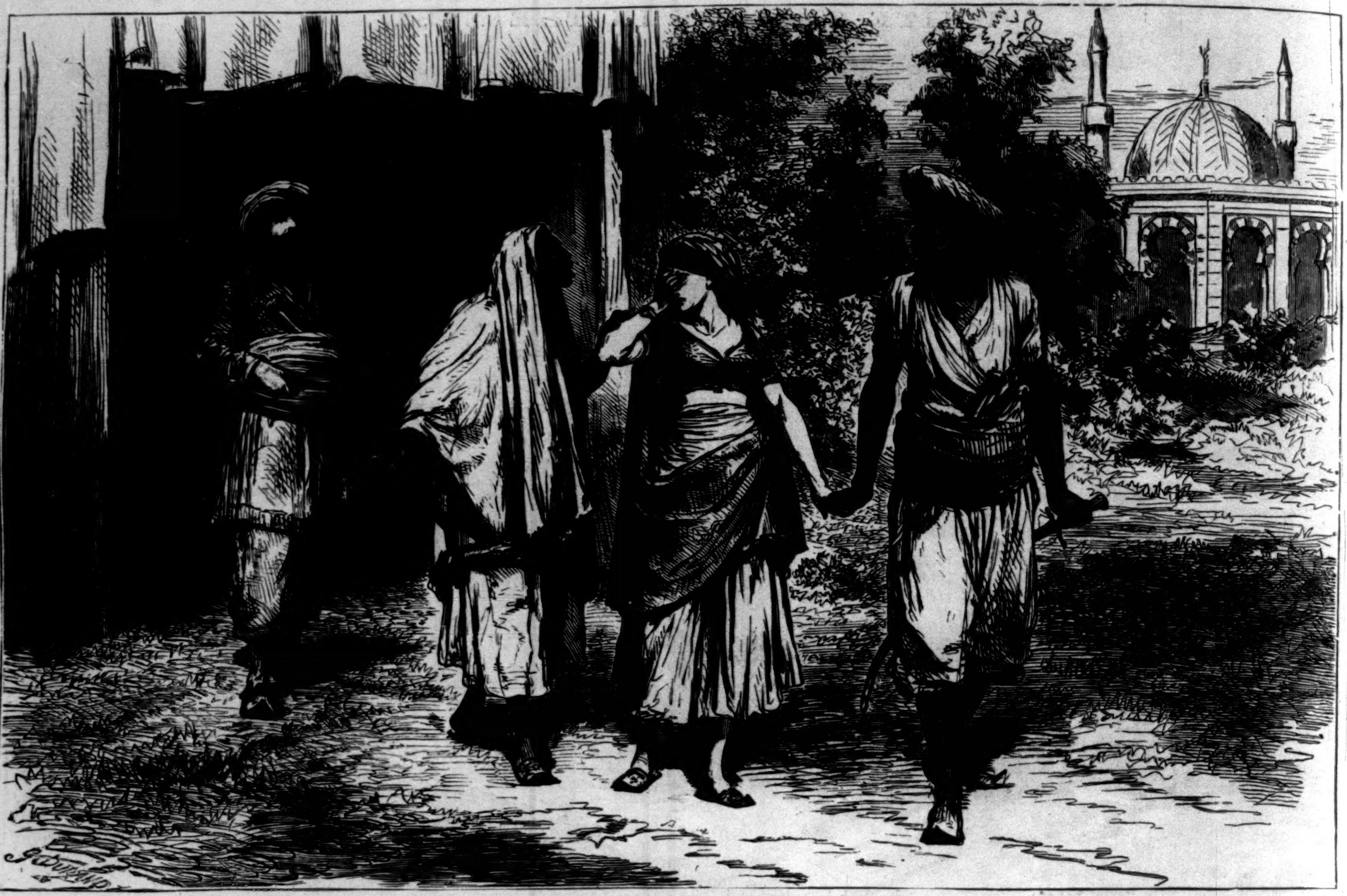
THE subject of slavery in all its hideous aspects, and the slave-trade as it is carried on in Africa, where, in spite of the richness of the natural productions of the country, the principal traffic is in slaves, are just now brought prominently before the civilized world by the labors of LIVINGSTONE and BAKER; yet we are accustomed to think of African slavery only in connection with the unfortunate Ethiopian or negro, whose sable body and undeveloped intellect have made him the servant, and frequently the victim, of the superior Caucasian. The interesting series of illustrations we present in our Supplement this week depicts the horrors of the infamous traffic in human beings in a yet more terrible form.

On the eastern coast of Africa and on the shores of the Persian Gulf are found many families, remnants of tribes chiefly of Jewish origin. In the general scattering of the great Hebrew nation which made them wanderers over all the earth, seeking to make themselves a home wherever they might find a resting-place, some of them have made their way even into the heart of Africa. Here they remain a peculiar people, preserving their national characteristics, and mingling as little as possible with the children of the soil. The law of MOSES forbids their intermarriage with other races, and among the dusky Papuan families by which they are surrounded they remain as exiles and strangers. They are of good physique, and are distinguished by fair skins and auburn—often flaxen—hair, and their women possess the blonde beauty peculiar to the Northern races.

Amidst the greater horrors of slavery as a "commerce" stands the fact that while numbers of the mixed Papuan blood are acquired by conquest, by treachery, or by barter from their natural guardians, these fairer-skinned daughters of the Jewish husbandmen are forcibly abducted as rich prizes to replenish the harems of the opulent, semi-barbarous, hybrid Arab, who, by virtue of the slender remnant of Caucasian blood



LED CAPTIVE TO THE TRANSPORT.



WHITE SLAVERY IN THE EAST—GOING TO THE SLAVE-MARKET.

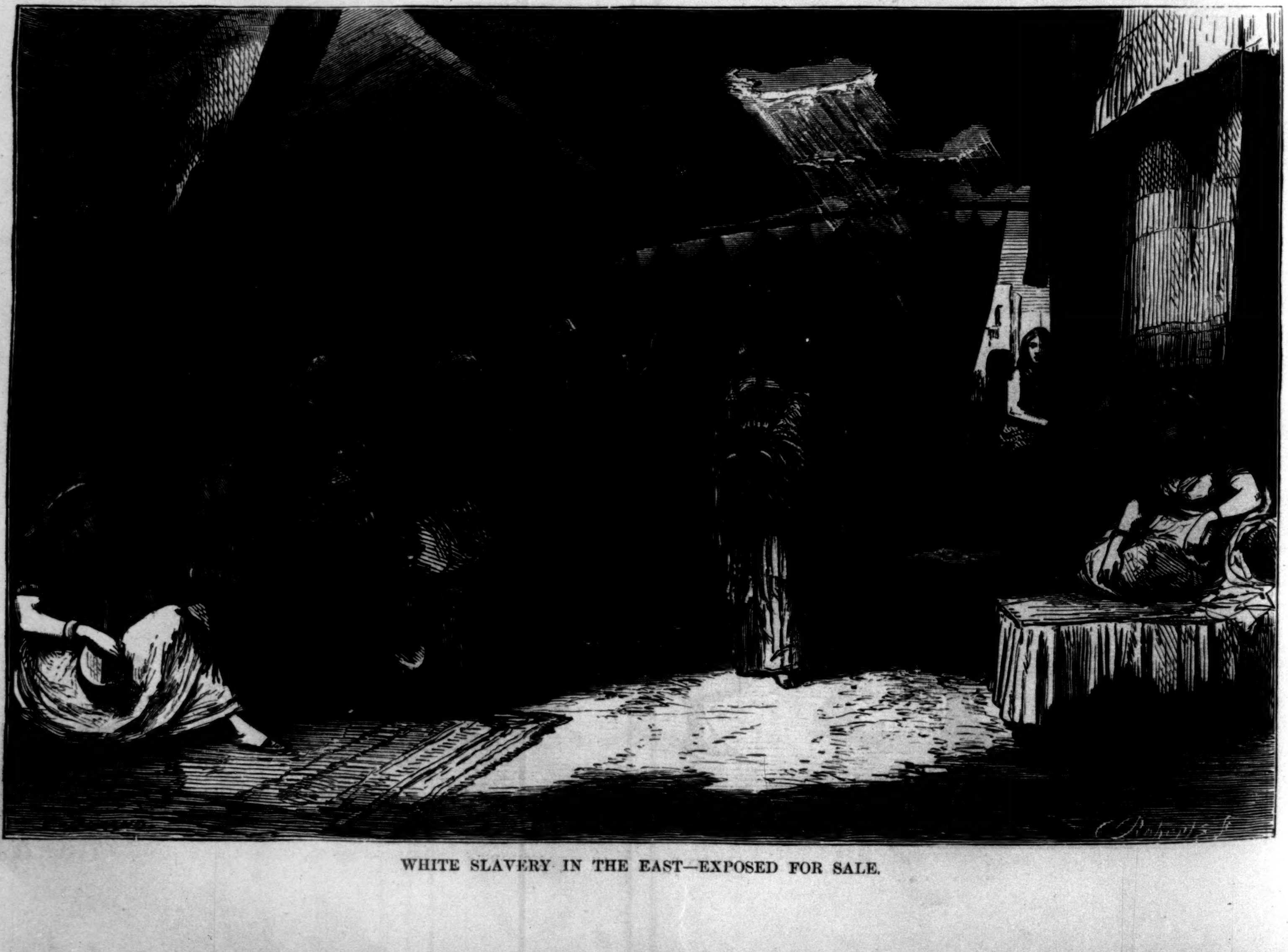
in his veins, holds arrogant dominion over the Papuans or negroes.

These "maiden-capturers," as they are called, will prowl about the homes of these peaceful farmers and shepherds, watching their opportunity to seize upon some helpless Jewish girl who has wandered beyond the protecting care of her family. With cimeter in hand, they will advance upon the unsuspecting victim, and before she is even aware of her danger she becomes the prey of the "commercial Arab dealer," whose business it is to supply the market with the fairest and loveliest maidens he can find.

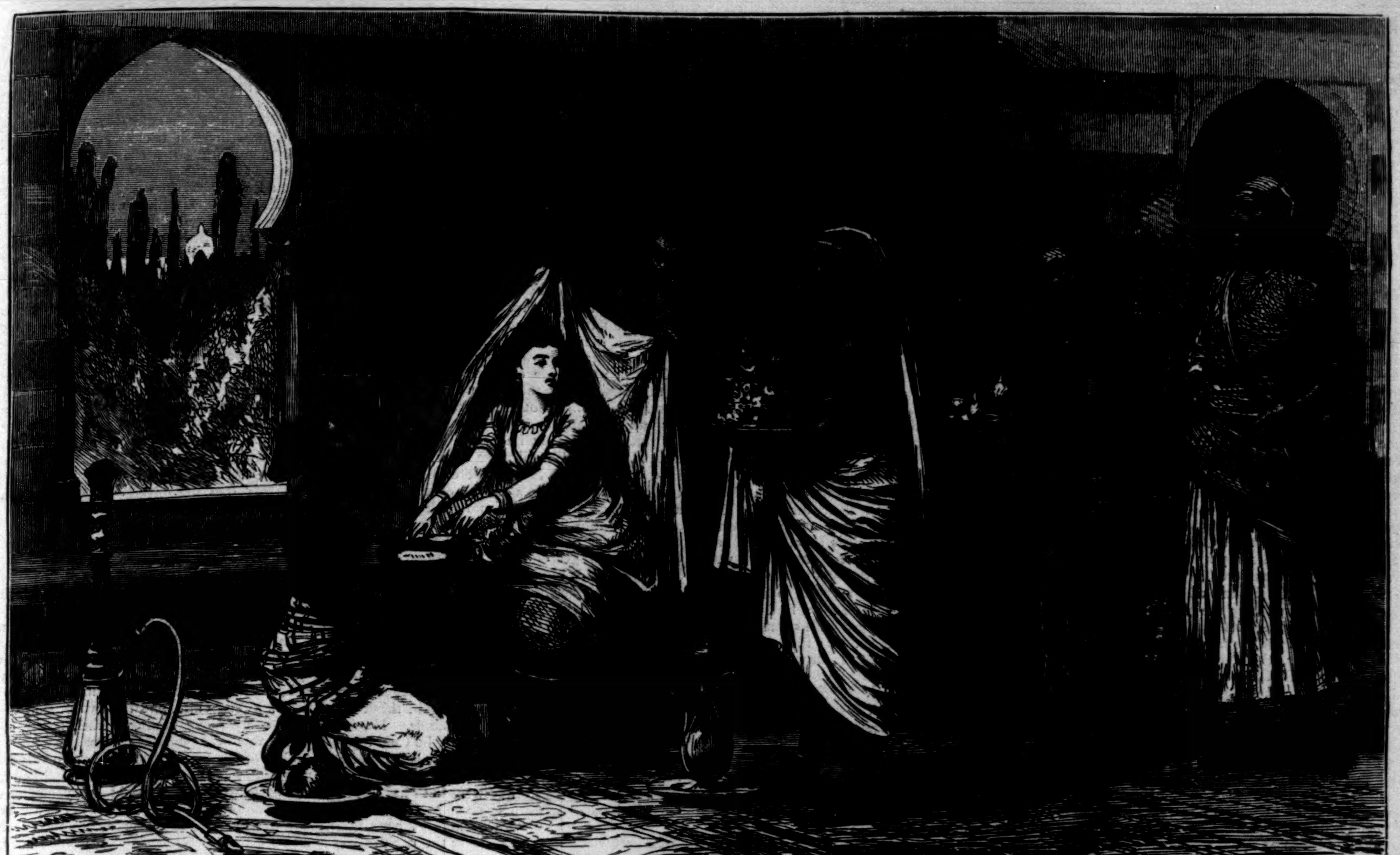
Our first illustration depicts the seizure of an unfortunate daughter of the fair-skinned Jew, who, while wandering on the sea-shore with her companions, has been surprised by these women-catchers. In the prosecution of their loathsome trade they have probably hidden themselves among the rocks, and there lain in wait until assured that she is unprotected and helpless; then they have rushed upon her, and thus easily gained possession of the coveted prize. Not far off their camels stand ready to convey their victim away, and without time for a farewell word or even a glance, the half-unconscious victim is borne away from her home, her family, and her friends forever.

The second picture shows her as she is half led, half dragged, to the boat in which her journey must be completed. Her captors have bound her with cords, of which they retain hold of one end, so that, more like a dog than a woman, she is driven forward toward the sad fate that awaits her. They are deaf to her cries and supplications, computing only, as they urge her on, the price she is likely to bring when her fair beauty is exposed for sale. Once at her journey's end, she is subjected to the embellishments of bath and toilet, and arrayed in costly silks and jewels, to enhance her beauty, and render her of more value in the eyes of a possible purchaser.

The slave of fair complexion is not exposed in the open slave-market, where the black beasts of burden are disposed of. Of much greater value, she is most carefully guarded from the view of the crowd, closely veiled when taken from place to place, and when exhibited for sale shown only to a few eminent dealers who are likely to offer high prices for the fair captive. Her owner conveys her to his private "market-house," where he assembles those whom he considers likely purchasers of the commodity he has to offer, and here the weeping, suffering Jewish girl is exhibited for sale, commented upon, and criticised as if she was an inanimate ob-



WHITE SLAVERY IN THE EAST—EXPOSED FOR SALE.



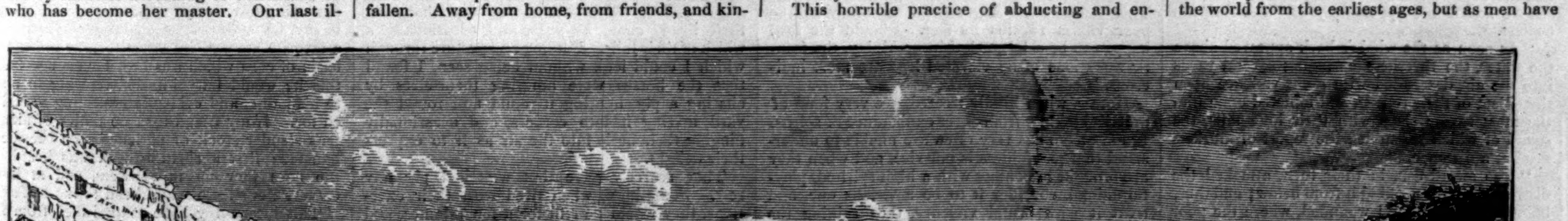
WHITE SLAVERY IN THE EAST—IN THE HAREM.

ject, without feeling or sensibility. Just as a beautiful picture or a fair *objet d'art* is disposed of at auction among us, so are these helpless captive maidens exhibited by the dealers, eulogized, and finally disposed of to the highest bidder.

The bargain is consummated, her price is paid, and the girl becomes the property of the swarthy Arab who has bought her. She is closely veiled again, given into the charge of his servants, and led away to his house, where she is placed in his harem, and closely watched and guarded that she make no attempt to escape. Here she is surrounded by luxuries according to the means of him who has become her master. Our last illustration represents her as passing through the mystic rites of the toilet, with half a dozen dusky slaves around her, all plying with eager attention the last new favorite of their despotic owner. So long as she pleases his capricious fancy, amuses him with her novelty, and he does not become weary of her, her life will be one of luxury and splendor. But the free-born Jewish maid can not be happy as the slave of an Arab master. She will rebel against her chains, no matter how much they are gilded, and turn with loathing from the semi-barbarous stranger of different race and complexion into whose hands she has fallen. Away from home, from friends, and kindred, the fair-faced Hebrew girl will pine for the freedom of her father's fields and the companionship of those of her own race and kind. And the sorrowful burden of a breaking heart borne by the lonely slave will soon destroy the beauty that alone renders her valuable in the eyes of her owner. Yet from the bondage in which she is held there is no escape; the tyrant's hold is too strong for that; and when he shall have wearied of his victim, she will be left to wear out her days in loneliness and neglect. But there is no hope of restoration to the freedom and happiness of her early home.

This horrible practice of abducting and enslaving white girls is hereditary with the Turcoman of Khorassan. The author of these sketches, during his travels in the East, has been more than once alarmed in the "Usha" (the dawn), in villages on both the Khorassan and Khoozistan frontiers of Persia, by the raids of successful "women-takers" or "maiden-capturers," who have seized their hapless victims and carried them away from their distracted families, and disposed of them to the "coast dealers" for a sum of money which has afterward been exchanged for a Birmingham rifle.

Slavery is an institution which has existed in the world from the earliest ages, but as men have



EXCAVATIONS IN THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME.—[SEE PAGE 312.]